# THE BOOKMAN

## *A LITERARY JOURNAL.*

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## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

*The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has just delivered to the editor of a well-known American magazine the manuscript of a new short story entitled "Number 007."

❀

We understand that there is to be a memoir of Coventry Patmore, and that the work of writing it has been committed to one of his oldest friends.

❀

Mr. Crockett, who has not been in very good health, has gone for a walking tour in Pomerania, where the scene of his next novel, *The Red Axe*, is to be laid.

❀

Mr. Edwin Bacon's second paper on "Old Boston Booksellers" will appear in our next issue. There will be several portraits.

❀

We hear that Messrs. Harper and Brothers have secured the American rights of the forthcoming life of the late Lord Tennyson.

❀

Mr. Paul Dunbar, now in England, is writing a novel. An English edition of his *Lyrics of Lowly Life* will be issued shortly.

❀

Mr. James Lane Allen has finished his new novel, *The Choir Invisible*, and it is now in press. It is the most rapid piece of writing that Mr. Allen has done, being more than twice as long as any of his other books, and written from beginning to end in some six months. The premature announcements of the dates of publication resulted from a misunderstanding as to the time when it would be ready. We understand that the first edition, which will be published in a few days, will consist of ten thousand copies.

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day will publish immediately Francis Thompson's new volume entitled *Odes and Other Poems*. The book will be one of the largest volumes of poetry that have been issued by a young poet for a long time, and after reading over the advance sheets we should say that the work is equal if not of a superior quality to his preceding books, *Poems* and *Sister Songs*. We are permitted to use one of the poems, "A May Burden," which appears on page 235 of the present number.

❀

The great success of Mr. Harold Frederic's novel, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, has led to the publication by the Messrs. Scribner of a new edition of his novels, uniform in style with *Theron Ware*. Mr. Frederic says in his preface that though the subjects of the novels are American, they were written in England. He also says that he prefers his short stories to his longer, and that of the writers whose books affected his earliest years he thinks that Erckmann-Chatrian exercised the deepest and most vital influence.

❀

Mr. E. L. Godkin, of the *Evening Post*, sailed for Europe recently, and within a few days after his departure we find the *Post's* editorial pages speaking of the Boys as "boys" (lower case, quoted), and even as boys, *tout simple*. See our remarks on this point in THE BOOKMAN for February, 1896, p. 483.

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A valued correspondent writes to express her wonder that nobody has yet noticed the curious applicability to the case of Mr. Cecil Rhodes of the following passages from Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman:*

"*Borkman.*—When they see that they can't get on without me—when they come to me and crawl at my feet and beseech me to take the reins again. . . .

"*Borkman.*—Think of me, who could have created millions! All the mines I would have controlled! New veins without end. . . . I would have organised it all—I alone!

"*Foldal.*—There was nothing in the world you would have shrunk from.

"*Borkman.*—The great aims I had in life. . . . I wanted to have at my command all the sources of power in this country. . . . I wanted to gather it all into my hands, to make myself master of it all, and so to promote the well-being of many, many thousands."

❀

The friends of the late Henry Cuyler Bunner have finally established a fund to provide an "H. C. Bunner gold medal" to be awarded each year to the writer of the best essay on a given literary subject, the competition to be open to all members of Columbia University who are candidates for any of its degrees. The subject assigned this year is "American Satiric Poetry," and the committee of award are Professor Moses Coit Tyler of Cornell, Professor C. F. Richardson of Dartmouth, and Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia.

❀

The Justices of the Court of Special Sessions in this city have handed down a decision to the effect that D'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death* in its English version is not an immoral book within the meaning of the law. We mention this incident in order to make a correction that seems to us to be desirable. Pending the legal proceedings, it was several times asserted in the newspapers (by whose authority we do not know) that the English translation was made upon the recommendation of one or the other of the editors of THE BOOKMAN and because of the commendation given to the novel in this magazine. We feel called upon to remark that while full justice to D'Annunzio's literary power has been freely rendered in our pages, we have never, either editorially or personally, expressed any opinion, one way or the other, as to the propriety of publishing and circulating a popular edition of the book. This is a question that stands entirely apart from any literary phase of the subject; and if our readers feel an interest in it, they will find it briefly dealt with by the present writer in the May number of the *Cosmopolitan.*

❀

We learn that Mr. Allen Upward, whose romance of adventure, *A Crown of Straw*, was published recently, has espoused the cause of the Greeks, and with the enthusiasm and impetuosity which his novels show, has thrown down the pen for the sword and joined the Greek army. A young man of about thirty years of age, he has already gained an assured literary footing, not the least promising thing about him being his refusal to be forced into steady mechanical production. His real education was, as is the case with most writers, derived from omnivorous reading since his earliest years, of poetry most of all. Two or three years ago he began to write detective stories, and was surprised at the favourable reception given to his first volume. This led him to complete an older story which had lain in his desk for years, *The Prince of Balkistan*, published over a year ago by the Lippincott Company. After poetry, his bent is decidedly to drama. Mr. Kendall has taken a play of his, *A Flash in the Pan*, and he has several others almost ready for the boards. His exceptionally interesting and vigorous romance, *A Crown of Straw*, was originally conceived as the subject of a play in blank verse; indeed, in this form it is partly written, and will, he believes, be found better on the stage than in a novel. He first entered the Irish Bar in Dublin, and subsequently joined the South Wales Circuit, and settled at Cardiff, where he had a local practice until a year ago, when he went to London. He clings to his practice at the Bar and to politics as a means of preserving a wider mental horizon.

❀

Mr. Upward's long-expected novel in verse is now ready for press. It is comparatively a long book, much of it being written in rhyme. This interesting experiment will be watched with interest. A rhymed scene in a criminal court is novel enough to invite notice quite regardless of the quality of the poetry. Mr. Edward Arnold published recent-

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ly a book by Mr. Upward which is in a new vein. *One of God's Dilemmas* is a story of keen psychological interest.

❀

We are in receipt of the following letter:

*To the Editors of* THE BOOKMAN:

GENTLEMEN: We wish to say, in reply to Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's letter in the April BOOKMAN, that he is wrong in presuming that we changed the title of *Slaves of the Lamp* "with a view of deceiving the public," as he will find on examination of the book that the sub-title, "Slaves of the Lamp," is very prominent, both on the cover and title-page.

We changed the title because the book was a failure as *Slaves of the Lamp*, which meant nothing; but *Christian Vallecott, the Journalist*, the public wanted to know about, and have endorsed our judgment by buying the book.

It was recopyrighted on account of the change in the name.

Yours very truly,
AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CORPORATION,
V. M. CORYELL, *Manager*.

❀

The most vigorous, pointed, and delightfully definite criticism of Mr. Kipling's new story, *Captains Courageous*, that we have so far seen is contained in the letter of a correspondent who writes from Gloucester, Mass., the very spot where Mr. Kipling made his studies for the novel. We give some paragraphs from this letter, and call especial attention to the force and *plein air* quality of its sentences:

"I was much amused with Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous* in *McClure's*. I have adored many of his stories, but when I heard that he was coming here on a flying visit to study up the fishing, I was sorry, for I knew he was going to attempt the impossible. I have read some parts aloud, and it's a miracle how hard it is to read. The men's talk is so loaded and choked up with didactic matter that it's almost impossible for them to speak. I used to sit on barrel-heads in my father's counting-room and listen to the men before Kipling was ever born; and, moreover, every one knows that talk *flows!* It doesn't stick and choke like that. Probably Kipling couldn't in any other way get in all the information he had studied up; but to any one who is used to sniff salt water, that production smells of the lamp; and he has ruined the talk, which should be elliptical in the extreme. He began on the steamer, and ticketed all the passengers coming from different sections; and they all talked alike, and none of them like the places they came from.

"Then, too, I suppose Kipling thinks a black cook the most natural thing in the world; but on a Gloucester fisherman it is, to use the idiom of our Milanese landlady, 'more rare nor a white fly.' I said to my brother, 'Look here and see what a crew they have! There's a first-class skipper and an Irishman, a Portuguese, a farmer, a Pennsylvania man, a black cook and an idiot.'

"'Well,' said he, 'that's what we should call a *scratch* crew.'

"'Oh! and a man-of-war's man from the Ohio.'

"'Those people,' remarked my brother, 'are liable to be in the cemetery.'

"'Well,' said I, 'that's just where he got him. For there *is* one there; I saw his name in the list of tombstone inscriptions which the town ordered made; and then a black cook!'

"'Yes, we had one once. He wasn't a success.'

"This from a man who had been fitting a fleet of eight to fourteen vessels the best part of his life. I hardly think there's an Irishman in the whole fleet, unless he's a skipper. They like to stay on shore here, and Kipling's man is Mulvaney watered down.

"Then as to the man-of-war's man, the government used to pay a bounty to the fisheries on the ground that the men were a 'nursery of the navy,' but they did not prove so. They won't bear the restraint or the diet; for they live like fighting-cocks while at sea, and they insist on putting all kinds of stores aboard, such as they would never think of ordering for their own families.

"I said, 'He has put a killick in the hands of a boy out on the Banks.'

"'Well! I don't know what one could do with it out there,' said my brother. 'I suppose Kipling saw it here under the shore.'"

❀

Messrs. R. H. Russell and Son have published a new book by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, entitled *Cuba in War Time*. The story of the death of Rodriguez which is chronicled in this book is said to be one of the best things that Mr. Davis has ever written. It contains twenty-four full-page illustrations by Mr. Frederic Remington.

❀

The April number of *Harper's* has an extremely interesting article on Belgium by Clare de Graffenried. We have often wondered why, amid the flood of travellers' observations that clog the press, we scarcely ever see a page devoted to what is in many respects the most interesting country of Europe, and one that derives its interest not merely from its past and from the art that long made its home there, but from the life and manners of its modern inhabitants as well. We do not hesitate to say that Brussels is to-day a more fascinating city than Paris; and that, too, in the very things that are supposed to be most typically Parisian. In fact, if some one else doesn't hurry up and do it, we shall go to work and write a book about Belgium ourselves.

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From the famous drawing (in *Fraser's Magazine*, February, 1835) by Daniel Maclise. It is not generally known that the artist took the singular liberty of inserting the wine carafe and glass in this drawing; these do not appear in the original which hangs in the Kensington Museum.

From an interesting interview with Charles Lamb written in 1834 by J. Fuller Russell and published originally in the *Guardian* of May 6th, 1874, we cull the following extracts:

"On Tuesday August 5th, 1834, I walked over from Enfield to Edmonton, and on reaching Mr. Lamb's cottage—which stands back from the road (nearly opposite the church) between two houses which project beyond it, and is screened by shrubs and trees—I found that 'Elia' was out, taking his morning walk. I was admitted into a small and pleasantly shaded parlour. The modest room was hung round with fine engravings by Hogarth, in dark frames. Books and magazines were scattered on the table, and on the old-fashioned window-seat. I chatted awhile with Miss Lamb—a meek, intelligent, very pleasant, and rather deaf, elderly lady, who told me that her brother had been gratified by parts of my poem, and had read them to her. 'Elia' came in soon after—a short, thin man. His dress was black—a capacious coat, knee-breeches, and gaiters, and he wore a white neck-handkerchief. His head was remarkably fine, and his dark and shaggy hair and eyebrows, heated face, and very piercing jet-black eyes gave to his appearance a singularly wild and striking expression. The sketch of him in *Fraser's Magazine* [see the accompanying portrait] gives a true idea of his figure, but no portrait, I am sure, could do justice to his splendid countenance. He grasped me cordially by the hand, sat down, and taking a bottle from a cupboard behind him, mixed some rum-and-water. On another occasion, his sister objected to this operation, and he refrained. Presently after, he said, 'May I have a little drop now, only a *leetle* drop?' 'No, be a good boy.' At last he prevailed, and took his usual draught. On each visit I found he required to be drawn into conversation. He would throw out a playful remark, and then pause awhile. He spoke by fits and starts, and had a slight impediment in his utterance, which made him grunt once or twice before he began a sentence; but his tones were loud and rich, and once, when he read to me a passage from a folio of Beaumont and Fletcher (which his sister had brought down to show me Coleridge's MS. remarks at the end of each play), the deep pathos of his voice gave great weight to the impression made by the poetry. He would jump up and slap his sister playfully on the back, and a roomy snuff-box often passed between them on the old round table. These little traits may serve to illustrate the character of Charles Lamb.

❀

"There was nothing of that point in his conversation which we find in William Hone's. I remember he agreed with me that Tom Moore's poetry was like very rich plum cake—very nice, but too much of it at a time makes one sick. He said that Byron had written only one good-natured thing, and that was the 'Vision of Judgment.' 'Mary,' he added to Miss Lamb, 'don't you *hate* Byron?' 'Yes, Charles,' she replied. 'That's right,' said he. Of [conversational] Sharpe's *Essays*, which had just been published

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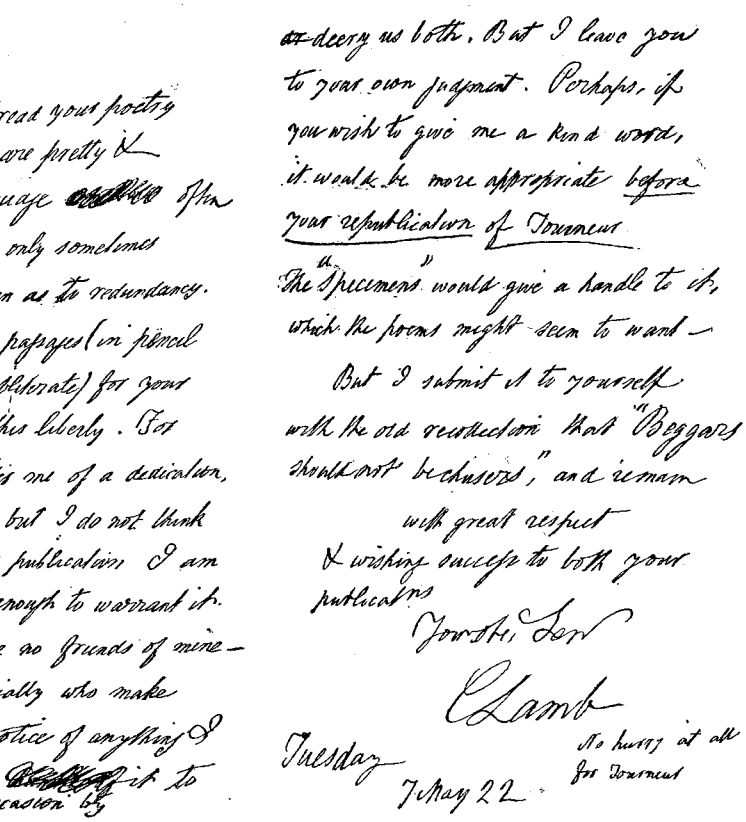

Dear Sir, I have read your poetry with pleasure. The tales are pretty & prettily told, the language often finely poetical. It is only sometimes a little careless, I mean as to redundancy. I have marked certain passages (in pencil only, which will easily obliterate) for your consideration. Excuse this liberty. For the distinction you offer me of a dedication, I feel the honor of it, but I do not think it would advantage the publication. I am hardly on an eminence enough to warrant it. The Reviewers, who are no friends of mine—the two big ones especially who make a point of taking no notice of anything I bring out, may take occasion by it to deery us both. But I leave you to your own judgment. Perhaps, if you wish to give me a kind word, it would be more appropriate before your republication of Tourneur. The "Specimens" would give a handle to it, which the poems might seem to want—

But I submit it to yourself with the old recollection that "Beggars should not be chusers," and remain with great respect & wishing success to both your publications

Yours, Sir

C Lamb

Tuesday 7 May 22

No hurry at all for Tourneur

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM CHARLES LAMB.

and magnified in the *Quarterly*, he asserted—'They are commonplace, and of the two attempts at criticism in them worthy of notice, one—that on Cowper's "boundless contiguity of shade"—is completely incorrect.' He had a very high opinion of Wordsworth, saying, 'He is a very noble fellow.' I think he undervalued Coleridge's poetry. He esteemed the 'Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel' his best productions in verse—the former, in his opinion, was miserably clumsy in its arrangement, and the latter was injured by the 'mastiff *bitch*' at the beginning. Coleridge was staying with him when he wrote it, and, thinking of Sir William Curtis, he [Lamb] advised him to alter the rhyme thus:—

> 'Sir Leoline the Baron *round*,
> Had a toothless mastiff *hound*.'

He thought little of James Montgomery. He had only written one poem which pleased him, and that was among his minor pieces. *Philip Van Artevelde* had been sent to him as equal to Shakespeare. He thought it was nothing extraordinary. He had a good opinion of Tennyson's poems, which had lately been condemned in the *Quarterly*. When at Oxford, he saw Milton's MSS. of *L'Allegro*, etc., and was grieved to find from the corrections and erasions how the poet had laboured upon them. He had fancied that they had come from his mind almost spontaneously. He said that to be a true poet a man must serve a long and rigorous apprenticeship. He must, like the mathematician, sit with a wet towel about his head, if he wished to excel. It was far easier to scribble verses than to hammer out good poetry, worthy of immortality. Of *metres*, he observed there were plenty of old ones, now little known, which were better than any new ones which could be devised, and would be quite as novel.

❀

"He [Lamb] lost £25 by his best effort, *John Woodville*. He had, he said, a curious library of old poetry, etc., which he had bought at stalls, cheap. 'I have *nothing useful*,' he added; 'as for science, I know and care nothing about it.' Coleridge used to write on the margin of his books when staying at his house. It was during one of these visits that he translated *Wallenstein*. Mr. Lamb thought the 'Lay' the best of Scott's poetical works. He told me that he [Lamb] knew his letters before he could speak, and called on his sister to vouch for the truth of this story. He hated the country, and loved to walk on the London road, because then he could fancy that he was wending thither. He was a great walker. He never read what any of the reviews said about him. He showed me a copy of Coleridge's will, and observed, with some indignation, that the conductors of the *Athenæum* journal had written to him for

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reminiscences of his old friend. It was very indelicate, he said, to make any such request, and he refused. He had written a poem called the 'Devil's Marriage' to a tailor's daughter, but suppressed it on finding that Dr. ——, the Vicar of ——, had committed a like nuptial indiscretion. On rising to leave him, on my last visit, I could not open the parlour door! 'Ah,' he exclaimed, with a sweet smile, 'you can unlock the springs of Helicon, but you cannot open the door!'"

❀

The letter of Charles Lamb reproduced on the previous page was written to William Harrison Ainsworth, in reply to one of his, asking permission to dedicate to Lamb a volume of tales. This must have been *December Tales*, Ainsworth's first book, published in 1823, the year following. Lamb advises him not to couple their two names together, because

"the reviewers, who are no friends of mine—the two big ones especially who make a point of taking no notice of anything I bring out—may take occasion by it to decry us both."

Ainsworth seems to have followed Lamb's advice for we find that the first edition of *December Tales* was dedicated to the Rev. George Croly.

❀

At the end of Mylius's *Poetical Class Book*, published in the early part of the century, and of little or no interest in itself, there are some pages of advertisements of "New Books for Children, Published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41, Skinner Street, Snow Hill, and to be had of all booksellers;" among which is included Charles Lamb's "Beauty and the Beast, or, A Rough Outside with a Gentle Heart; a Poem: ornamented with 8 Superior Engravings; and Beauty's Song, set to Music by Mr. Whitaker," and described as "bound in a way to lay conveniently open on a Music Desk." Another copy of "Beauty and the Beast," one of the rarest of the rare first editions of Lamb, has just been discovered. This copy differs slightly from the only copy seen by the author of the best bibliography of Charles Lamb. The copy he saw contained no text on the front cover; only a woodcut with "Go, be a beast!—*Homer*," below it. In the present copy this woodcut is on the back cover, and the front cover is filled by a reprint of the title-page, with a few slight variations, the most important being that the date "1813" occurs. There is no date on the title, and the book has been hitherto attributed to the year 1811, as one leaf bears a water mark, 1810. In this copy also the folding music forms two sheets; in the bibliography the second verse is described as being on the verso of the first, thus forming a single sheet. If printed on both sides of one sheet it could not be said that the book would "lay conveniently open on a Music Desk." The volume contains eight interesting engravings, believed to be by Maria Flaxman, sister of the famous sculptor. This little book, originally published at 3*s.* 6*d.*, is now valued by a New York firm of booksellers at more than $300.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish shortly *The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton*. It is the story of her life told in part by herself and in part by Mr. W. H. Wilkins. The work will be illustrated with many portraits and other pictures, and will be published in two volumes. Lady Burton began her autobiography a few months before she died, but in consequence of rapidly failing health she made little progress with it. The present work is therefore based on this unfinished manuscript and a large mass of letters and manuscripts; for although Lady Burton published comparatively little she was a voluminous writer. Lady Burton was as remarkable as a woman as her husband was as a man; her personality was as picturesque, her individuality as unique, and allowing for her sex, her life was as full and varied as was his. "It has been my aim," says the biographer,

"wherever possible throughout this book to let Lady Burton tell the story of her life in her own words and to keep my narrative in the background. To this end I have revised and incorporated the fragment of autobiography which was cut short by her death, and I have also pieced together all of her letters, manuscripts, and journals which have a bearing on her trials and adventures. I have striven to give a faithful portrait of her as revealed by herself. . . . No biographer could have wished for a more eloquent subject than this interesting and fascinating woman. Thus, however imperfectly I may have done my share of the work, it remains the record of a good and noble life—a life lifted up, a life unique in its self-sacrifice."

❀

At the end of last year a volume was published calling itself *The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton*, written by his niece, Miss Georgiana M. Stisted,

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stated to be issued "with the authority and approval of the Burton family." This statement is alleged to be incorrect, and has been discredited by a number of the relatives of the late Sir Richard Burton. Worse still, it is held that the book contained a number of cruel and unjust charges against Lady Burton, some of them so paltry and malevolent, so utterly foreign to Lady Burton's generous and truthful character, that they may be dismissed with contempt. Other specific charges call for particular refutation, as silence on them might be misunderstood—for instance, the statements that Lady Burton was the cause of her husband's recall from Damascus; that she acted in bad faith in the matter of his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church; and the impugning of the motives which led her to burn *The Scented Garden*. These charges have been met in the biography about to be published, and in vindicating Lady Burton's character it has been necessary to bring to light certain facts concerning her husband which would otherwise have been suppressed.

❀

In noting last month the suit brought by Dr. Stephen H. Emmens against a well-known scientific gentleman of this city, which related to the validity of Newton's theory of gravitation, we think that we did something of an injustice to the plaintiff. We did not know at the time that he is the inventor of the well-known explosive, called after him "emmensite," and that in his own line of metallurgy and chemistry he is a recognised authority. We therefore publish with pleasure the following letter which he has written us, and in so far as our comment was unfair we express to Dr. Emmens our regret.

ARGENTAURUM LABORATORY,
20 CENTRAL AVENUE, NEW BRIGHTON,
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.
April 7, 1897.

*To the Editors of* THE BOOKMAN:

GENTLEMEN: As you have thought proper to hold me up to public ridicule in your April issue, I hope you will also think proper to print the following reply:

1. The charge that I have "attempted to show that Sir Isaac Newton was a person of no real scientific standing" is as false as it is absurd. At page 129 of "The Argentaurum Papers, No. 1," I expressed myself thus: "And, as for the incomparable Newton himself, we cannot do better than bring this paper to a close by echoing, in all sincerity, the following words from Mr. Roger Cotes's preface to the second edition of the *Principia*, viz.: 'Fair and equal judges will therefore give sentence in favour of this most excellent method of philosophy, which is founded on experiments and observations. To this method it is hardly to be said or imagined what light, what splendour hath accrued from this admirable work of our illustrious author; whose happy and sublime genius, resolving the most difficult problems and reaching to discoveries of which the mind of man was thought incapable before, is deservedly admired by all those who are somewhat more than superficially versed in these matters. The gates are now set open; and by this means we may freely enter into the knowledge of the hidden secrets and wonders of natural things.'"

2. The charge that "he himself declares that he is a greater scientist than Newton" is as false as it is absurd. At page 19 of the "Argentaurum Papers, No. 1," I speak of "the peerless Newton." At page 129 I speak of "the incomparable Newton." And at page 20 I expressly speak of myself as being "a pigmy of these latter days" when compared with "the Ulysses of gravitation."

3. The public is misled by your garbled and mutilated quotation of my words. You say, "In some notes in this book he said: 'I am prepared to be told that I am ignorant and foolish; that I have ventured into the field without a decent equipment of knowledge,' etc. Apparently, however, he wasn't really prepared to have this told to him." Now what I really wrote was: "I am prepared to be told, *in the first place*, that I am ignorant and foolish. . . . And, finally, I shall be met with the criticism that although *my views are sound*, I am not entitled to the least credit for them, seeing that they have long ago been known and recognised by every man of science." And then I proceed to show how Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Newlands, Edison, Bessemer, and other great innovators had met similar treatment from the scientific bigots of their day. In other words, I said I expected to be *unfairly* attacked. This statement did not imply that I should remain submissive and quiescent when illegally assaulted by professorial and editorial bigots.

4. Your charge that I "wish to submit" my "theory of gravitation and nice questions regarding the homogeneous sphere to the decision of the average New York jury" is as false as it is absurd. My suit against the editors and publishers of *Science* has nothing whatever to do with the "theory of gravitation" or any "nice questions regarding the homogeneous sphere." The jury will not have to decide upon any such matters.

5. If you and your readers will refer to the current number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* you will find the position taken up in my "Argentaurum Papers, No. 1," very strongly supported by Professor G. Frederick Wright, of Oberlin College. And there are others.

STEPHEN H. EMMENS.

❀

We understand that Ian Maclaren is to contribute an article on the late Professor Drummond to the *North American Review*, and that Dr. Robertson Nicoll

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will have one in the *Contemporary Review*. Dr. Stalker, Professor Drummond's life-long friend, has an article in the May *Expositor*, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

❀

Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of *The Wheels of Chance*, the clever bicycling romance recently published by the Macmillan Company, was dined by the New Vagabonds' Club, in London, the other day, and in his speech incidentally brought a fresh method of grouping to bear upon reviewers. After describing authors as "seedlings," Mr. Wells divided reviewers into various families: slug reviewers, who prey on the first tender leaves of authors; bird reviewers, who peck here and there, and possibly do damage; heavy reviewers, who crush with their feet whole beds of shoots. Mr. Wells went on to complain of their methods of irrigation. Some reviewers, he said, so copiously drench the plants with the water of flattery as to rot them at the roots; others withhold water until the plants are dried up. In addition, there is, of course, the wise, far-seeing horticulturist, but he is not very common.

❀

Mr. Wells is finishing a fantastic story dealing with the adventures of a man who discovers the secret of making himself invisible. It will appear in book form before the end of the year. Mr. Wells appears to have caught the fancy of the American public at last, and the publishers here are taking a keen interest in his arrangements for future work.

❀

The success of Professor Brander Matthews's *Introduction to American Literature* is as striking as it is well deserved. We understand that the American Book Company have already gone to press with the fiftieth thousand of this admirably written book.

❀

We mentioned recently in these columns that Professor Matthews's *Introduction to American Literature* had been printed in raised letters for the blind. We have learned since that the same honour has been accorded to Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada*, which was pronounced by Professor Fiske to be "one of the most brilliant and fascinating books that has ever been written by any historian since the days of Herodotus." As the printing of large volumes in embossed letters is a matter entailing great care and expense, very few works are considered of sufficient value to warrant this trouble and expenditure, and it must therefore be very gratifying to the publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, as well as to the heirs of the historian, that the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind should consider Mr. Parkman worthy to be included in their library. The embossed copy is an exact verbatim reproduction of about one fourth of the work as published in two volumes, comprising the preliminary sketch of the Indian tribes, of the Mississippi, of the French and Indian War, and the loss of Canada, the Wilderness and its tenants at the close of the French War.

❀

The "Spectator" in the April magazine number of the *Outlook* gives some very interesting reminiscences and impressions of Lowell, and commenting on the fact that the poet was the implacable foe of the tawdry American whose vulgar manners make him such a terror to his fellow-countrymen abroad, humorously describes how the wife of an American Senator was determined to be presented at Court, but how her lack of fitness for that function was only too obvious to one who was supposed to protect the Queen from underbred and vulgar persons. The woman was noisy, illiterate, and socially impossible; but she was the wife of a Senator, and she was pertinacious, unscrupulous, and pushing. There came a time when the Minister, worn out with her importunities, was about to capitulate; in that hour of weakness, however, he chanced in a hotel reception room to overhear his persecutor say to a friend, regarding a dressmaker's bill which had just come in, "When I see the size of that bill I just lay back and yelled." The lady was not presented.

❀

Messrs. De Wolfe, Fiske and Company will publish shortly a book entitled *Samuel Sewall and the World he Lived in*, by the Rev. N. H. Chamberlain. The author has gathered his material from the old Boston and New England life

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of 1630–1730. A number of interesting Sewall portraits and other illustrations, for the most part published now for the first time, lend a picturesque value to the work.

❀

The cartoon of Max Pemberton which is given on this page is one of Mr. Leslie Ward's happy hits, and appeared in a recent number of *Vanity Fair*. There must be a certain satisfaction in this to Mr. Pemberton, as it was through the intervention of *Vanity Fair* that he was saved from becoming a dull mathematician, with perhaps a scholastic record hidden in the secret places of Cambridge. One day he was passing the office of *Vanity Fair* when a bright idea occurred to him. He walked in and had a speaking-tube shown him; through that channel he boisterously offered a contribution, which was accepted, and became the first of many that have appeared in that periodical. Indeed, he has served up many "men of the day" over the signature of "Jehu Junior," as it is now his turn to be likewise served. It is ten years ago since that first contribution appeared in the pages of *Vanity Fair*, and during that time he has done a great deal of journalistic and literary work. One of his most successful exploits in journalism was his editorship of *Chums*, a boys' paper published by the Messrs. Cassell, of London, and which led to his writing *The Iron Pirate* and *Sea Wolves*. These stories have been immensely popular, and two years ago Mr. Pemberton was led to sever his connection with *Chums* in order to devote himself entirely to literature. In 1895 was published *The Impregnable City*, and later, in the same year, *The Little Huguenot*, to which a sequel is promised. A few months ago he published *A Puritan's Wife*, now in its tenth thousand, and a new story, *Christine of the Hills*, has just been issued and is reviewed on another page. Besides all this, he is a hard-working journalist, and is quite an athlete; he is also the editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, and has written several successful curtain-raisers. Mr. Pemberton is not only popular with the reading public, but has also many friends, being fond of all kinds of sport, with a passion for golf; and we are told that he can sing a comic song with a voice which no pianoforte can drown. Mr. Pemberton, it may be said, is the

MAX PEMBERTON.
From *Vanity Fair*.

literary representative of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in London.

❀

Mr. Pemberton's experience as the editor of *Chums* gives him some claim to be heard on the subject of what boys like to read. "A boy's criticism," he says, "has no delicate shades; everything is either 'splendid' or else 'utter rot.' There are two subjects of which boys never weary in fiction—soldiers and locomotives. This shows that the adventurous spirit is as strong as ever, and it is a most pleasing and hopeful sign. As to their tastes, boys do not take the faintest interest in current events. They have no desire for news; the topics of the hour are too dull for the boy. His imagination is fascinated by a world very different from the gray and commonplace scenes of every-day life. The boys' journalist, therefore, needs to remember constantly that his constituency

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never is, and never can be, the same as that of the ordinary newspapers. He can enjoy the life of famous men if put in a thoroughly readable form. Jules Verne he knows, but he is beginning to forget him; Henty is still a great favourite, and so in a less degree is Ballantyne. The boy reader is very staunch to a favourite author, and even when his favourite begins to lose skill and sink into a tedious prolixity, he is allowed to live for a time on his past success."

❀

Asked whether boys care for Stevenson, Mr. Pemberton says: "Not so much as one would wish. A proof of this is found in the fact that the appearance of *Treasure Island* in the *Young Folks' Paper* had no perceptible influence upon the circulation. As for *Kidnapped*, I don't believe boys understand it; the fine style is entirely lost on them. Of course, you understand, that I am now speaking of the average boy, and not of the brilliant exceptions. Boys take a deep interest in the course of the plots of stories. When *The Iron Pirate* was appearing in *Chums* I had most pathetic letters imploring me not to kill Captain Black. One particularly simple lad wrote complaining bitterly that we always left off at the most interesting points." What may seem strange to us is that Mr. Pemberton finds girl readers quite as fond of adventure stories as boys. "They are especially fond of bloodthirsty scenes and fighting. I used to get many letters from them, and Mr. Henty told me lately that he received quite as many letters from girls as from boys."

❀

Mr. Pemberton's first book was entitled *The Diary of a Scoundrel*, about which he tells an amusing little incident. "I was spending a few days at a seaside town with a friend, who one evening wanted to buy my book. We strolled to the railway bookstore, and he asked the clerk for a copy. '*The Diary of a Scoundrel*—oh, yes, that is the hexperience of the hauthor, I expect,' said the young Cockney clerk as he handed it over. I retired modestly from the scene."

❀

Mr. Pemberton sends us an account of the annual Omar Khâyyâm dinner held on March 25th:

The spring dinner of the Omar Khâyyâm Club in London was one of the most brilliant functions in the history of that interesting society. It is the business of the Omar Khâyyâm Club to invite as many distinguished people as possible to "turn down the empty glass;" not exactly upon the reviving herb which fringes the river's lip, but in the commodious banqueting hall of Frascati's restaurant. The Club has already achieved many triumphs, none more remarkable than the triumph of the year 1895, which saw Mr. George Meredith addressing Omarians in his very first public speech. On March 25th the list of visitors was remarkable. Lord Wolseley was the guest of the Club, and an exceedingly popular guest. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has never been more brilliant, introduced Lord Wolseley, and reminded his brethren that the guest was not present as Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces, but as the author of two admirable volumes upon Marlborough.

The guests of the members, as distinguished from the guest of the Club, included, among others, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Desart, Lord Frederick Hamilton, Mr. J. M. Barrie, the Hon. Sir J. Gorell Barnes, Mr. L. Alma Tadema, R.A., Mr. Frank H. Dodd, Sir Douglas Straight, Professor E. Ray Lankester, F.R.S., Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B., Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Ernest Rhys, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, Major Arthur Griffiths, Mr. Buckle, the editor of the *Times*, Sir George S. Robertson, K.C.S.I., Mr. William M. Meredith, Sir Courtney Ilbert, K.C.S.I., Professor Michael Foster, F.R.S., Sir Brampton Gurdon, K.C.M.G., and the Rt. Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, K.C.S.I.

When the toast of the master had been duly drunk in silence, and with turned-down glasses, the business of the evening began. Omarians have never listened to better after-dinner speaking. The eloquent and entertaining mood in which Mr. Edmund Gosse found himself seemed contagious. Lord Wolseley spoke with a singular appreciation of Omar Khâyyâm, and made an exceedingly delicate tribute to the ode which Mr. Austin Dobson wrote expressly for the occasion, the American rights of which were secured for THE BOOKMAN (see p. 198). Mr. Augustin Birrell birrelled mightily. His speech was a veritable *tour de force*. Beginning with the expression of his amazement that Lord Wolseley had found his military life a humdrum one, he asked what, in Heaven's name, was the life then of a literary man! From first to last his speech bristled with humour and with wit. Nor was Mr. Louis Austin, who proposed the toast of the President, far behind him. Omarians, therefore, had the treat of hearing on the same evening probably the two best after-dinner speakers in London. Rarely in the history of the Club has this memorable night been rivalled. It recalled the great glories of Mr. Clement Shorter's year of office, and drew from all present a sincere appreciation of the charm and courtesy and exceeding ability of Mr. Edmund Gosse, and of the indefatigable labours of Mr. Frederic Hudson, the secretary.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just published a California story

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by Beatrice Harraden, entitled *Hilda Strafford*, in a beautiful little volume with illustrations. The frontispiece is a portrait of Miss Harraden reproduced from a photograph taken in California. Miss Harraden is at present residing at Bournemouth, in England, but hopes to be able very soon to return to California. She is much grieved at the necessity of postponing the writing of her long novel, which was expected to appear last autumn. She writes: "I have been obliged to put away my work from absolute necessity, and not from wilfulness or laziness or want of something to say. As a matter of fact, I never had more to say in my life than now, but every effort I make to finish that novel puts me further away from it, so I just have to wait until I can gather up a little strength of body and brain. It was three quarters done when I broke down over it." Those who have seen the chapters already written speak of it in the very highest terms, and place it much above Miss Harraden's previous work. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have also secured the American rights of a book of child's Christmas stories which Miss Harraden is projecting.

❀

The masterly edition of the works and biography of Burns edited by Dr. Robert Chambers, and revised and practically rewritten by Mr. William Wallace, is now completed in four volumes. The publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, have never issued a more creditable work, which is saying a great deal. It will take its place finally as the great thesaurus of Burns literature. It is much more than a thesaurus; it has been arranged with consummate skill and care, and may be read from end to end with the greatest pleasure and interest. Furthermore, it is made in so convenient form that it is a very pleasing and companionable book. Nothing is wanting to the perfection of the editing. It is sufficient to say that it has encountered the closest scrutiny of the Burns specialists—rather a numerous body—and has come out practically unscathed. Specialists are always merciless, but none, we imagine, are quite so cruel as the Burns specialists. The subject abounds in pitfalls, and not a single misinterpretation or slip escaped the keen eyes that have tested the work. In every respect Burns has been treated with full knowledge and absolute impartiality. Every lover of Burns should choose this edition, for it is not likely to be superseded by any other.

❀

"The gods give us joy!" Last month we welcomed in our review columns a tale of adventure, to wit, *The Forge in the*

ISABEL WHITELEY.

*Forest*, by the Canadian writer, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts; and now fast pressing on his heels comes another bold romancer, Mrs. Isabel Whiteley, whose *The Falcon of Langéac* has just been published by Messrs. Copeland and Day. The "Spirit of the true Romance" that has found popular acceptance in the works of such writers as Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman would seem to have transmigrated for a spell to these shores; Mrs. Whiteley's story is indeed quite Weymanesque in tone and construction, but her material is fresh, her background is new, and the plot is her own. There is another brilliant romance with which it is allied, and which deserves a wider reading than seems to have been awarded it here, although it was received with warmth in England when published there last year, namely, *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, by A. E. W. Mason. The author of *The Falcon of Langéac* is to be congratulated upon achieving such

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COLONEL JOHN HAY.

a marked success with a first book; for we have no doubt that it will figure as one of the popular novels during the summer, and perhaps for many a day beyond. Mrs. Isabel Whiteley, though a resident of Philadelphia, is a daughter of the Puritans. She is descended in direct line from Thomas Parsons, whose great-grandson was the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, the father of Major Parsons of the Revolutionary Army.

❀

Colonel John Hay must feel gratified by his appointment to the post of American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, no less as a man of letters than as a diplomat. It is, of course, the highest diplomatic post in our service; but it is also no small honour to appear in a line of succession already made illustrious by the names of Everett, Adams, Motley, Lowell, and Phelps. We have always felt that in literature Colonel Hay never brought out all that it was in him to accomplish, owing perhaps to the fact that an ample fortune has relieved him from the necessity of seeking an income by his pen. In his *Pike County Ballads* is to be found true originality, and in his *Castilian Days* a marked power for accurate and subtle observation; while his *Life of Lincoln* shows him to possess the more technical training of the historical investigator. But on the whole, he has written far too little; and perhaps, in these days of overproduction and syndicate-spinning, to say this of an author is to pay him the highest possible compliment.

❀

A great deal of interest has been taken during recent months in the Polychrome Bible under the editorship of Dr. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins. We are able to announce an English edition which has just been arranged for, and which will begin publication in parts about the first of October. The first three parts which will be published then comprise the *Book of Judges*, by Professor George F. Moore, of Andover; the *Book of Psalms*, by Professor J. Wellhausen, of Göttingen, and the *Prophecies of Isaiah*, by Professor T. K. Cheyne, of Oxford. The Hebrew version will be published, as heretofore, by the Johns Hopkins University Press; the English version is in the hands of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

❀

We notice that *King Noanett* has just been published in England by Mr. John Lane, and is meeting with high praise

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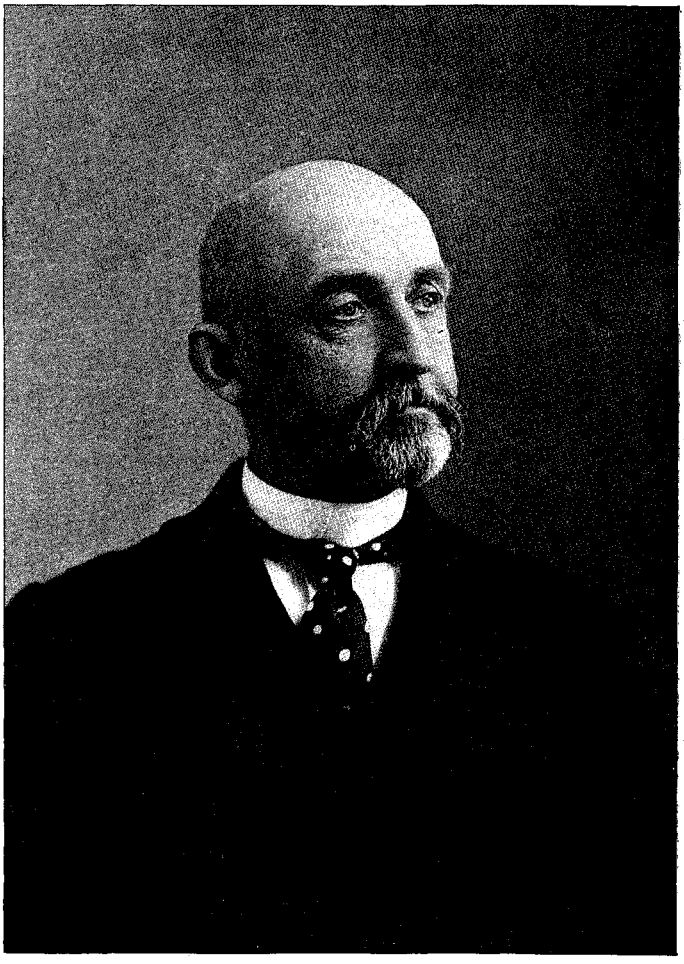
from the critics. The *Academy* says of it that it "is not inferior to the bewitching *Lorna Doone*. . . . There are many romances in which one would fain here and there reconstruct a sentence or obliterate a chapter; but there is not a word in *King Noanett* which we should wish to change. In its reticent ease, its tenderness, its cleanly strength, the story is admirable."

❀

The very important work entitled *A History of the Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present*, which we announced in our January number as in preparation, is to be published in America by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. It is to be under the general editorship of Mr. W. Laird Clowes, of Kings College, London, who has included among his collaborators the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and Captain A. T. Mahan. Captain Mahan will treat of the period covering England's wars with France in the last century. This author's *Life of Nelson* has just been published in two superb volumes by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, and will be reviewed in our June number by Mr. Roosevelt. The portrait which we give of Captain Mahan is taken from his latest photograph.



Very faithfully yours
A. T. Mahan

❀

Mrs. Annie Sawyer Down, writing about Hawthorne from Andover, Mass., affords us a passing glimpse of the Hawthorne household at the time of Una Hawthorne's birth. "My father," she says,

"was one of the village doctors, and had sent me with a package of medicine for Mrs. Hawthorne when Una was born at the Old Manse. I remember standing tiptoe before the ancient door at the end of the long avenue of half dead ash-trees, and just managing to reach the ponderous iron knocker. Mr. Hawthorne himself opened the door, and I had finished my errand and was turning away when he said to me, 'Wouldn't the doctor's little girl like to see the new baby?'

"Of course the 'doctor's little girl' was crazy to see anything that was new — and of all things new, a new baby – so he led me up the aged stairs; then asking me to wait a moment, disappeared through a door that stood ajar.

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GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Very soon he reappeared with the tiniest morsel of humanity, as it seemed to me, that I had ever seen, in his long, strong arms.

"He was singularly handsome, of great height and corresponding breadth; and as he stood there with his raven black hair and brilliant dark eyes, I remember thinking that he looked exactly like the Prince Charming who aroused the Sleeping Beauty in the enchanted forest.

"While I was admiring the baby, even then named Una, Mrs. Hawthorne from an inner room called me to come and see her. The gossips of the day in Concord called Mrs. Hawthorne 'homely' and 'plain,' but certainly her room was not. Being an artist, she had done what, though common enough now, was then very rare – painted her furniture herself. On the headboard of the bed she had copied Guido's 'Aurora,' and at the foot, what she called one of Raphael's 'Hours;' while on the wash-stand was Venus rising from the sea, and on the dressing-table Correggio's 'Cupids.' I was only a little girl at the time, and as it was my first conscious acquaintance with art, it produced an effect on my mind that has been ineffaceable."

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's first long novel has just been published by Mr. John Lane, under the title of *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times*. The book treats of five different phases of American life—picturesque, religious, society, journalistic and prison life—its most distinctive features being its pervasive modernity, its distorted vision of men, women and morals, and its overflowing energy and burning interest in life, crudely directed with the aggressive solemnity of youth. Gertrude Atherton is another American woman who has taken up her home in England. She is a Californian, having been born in San Francisco, and in her blood there mingle opposing streams from Louisiana and New England. She was educated by her grandfather, Stephen Franklin, a nephew of the famous explorer of that name, one of the pioneers of her native State and the editor of the first newspaper. He was a man of literary taste, and was said to be the handsomest man in the State. After graduating she married into one of the most distinguished families in California, but becoming a widow while still very young, she spent a number of years in travel. In 1890 she returned to her home to study its life and manners and the early period of its career; for this purpose making her abode in old towns and hamlets, and by living among the few remaining Spanish settlers she gathered material never before used in fiction. As all the characters in *Patience Sparhawk* who have anything to say talk essays, Mrs. Atherton has by this means got rid of much mental ferment and accretion, and so, presumably, she will move along more swimmingly in her next book. The portrait of Mrs. Atherton which we give herewith has been taken from a new photograph by Alfred Ellis, of London.

❀

Mrs. Atherton has a new story entitled *His Fortunate Grace* in the press of Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

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MR. DOBSON'S LIBRARY.

# THE POETRY OF AUSTIN DOBSON.

The qualities of Mr. Austin Dobson's work are known, for, by an accident which sometimes comes to surprise even the most disinterested of workers, his work is popular. Many have even paid him the compliment, from their own point of view, of ranking him, as a poet, with those amiable, intelligent, often scholarly persons, such as Mr. Locker-Lampson, who have made facile verses about books and wines on the afternoons when they were at leisure. He has written, it is true, a good deal of *vers de société*, some of which he frankly acknowledges on the head-lines; and to distinguish between light verse, which is poetry, and *vers de société*, which is what it calls itself, will certainly not be easy for the casual reader, especially as Mr. Dobson is continually bridging the distance with flying *pontons*. It is reassuring to think that he is probably best known by his least valuable work, by what is sentimental in it, or merely amusing. But, in a certain sense, he is genuinely popular for many genuine qualities of his art, only these qualities mean something much more, something often different, to the careful student of his poetry. Who, then, does not know

> "The song where not one of the graces
> Tight-laces";

the verse which trips on daintier feet than any verse of our time; well-bred verse which dresses in quite the most severe French taste, wears no rouge except with fancy dress, and can sing with as fresh a voice as if it were not singing in a drawing-room? His eighteenth-century muse passes easily from England to France, and it is not fanciful to note the partly French origin of this after all so English writer coming into evidence in a score of little ways, ways as minute as the preference for single and double rhymes intermingled, after the manner of French masculine and feminine rhyming. The scholarship turned courtly (as of some abbé who writes madrigals for the Marquise), the ease of fastidious wit, the fancy brought back from her far voyages, and at home, by preference, in a garden; all these, these unique qualities, it is impossible not to see in the poems of Mr. Dobson. He paints, of course, *genre* pictures, brings the whole apparatus of the connoisseur daintily into verse, writes in imitation of Pope, of Prior, and with a worthy flattery in the action; renders Horace in triolets, and Holbein in a *chant royal*. His wit and significance in the use of proper names, allusions, the French language; his wit and delicacy in rhyme, the rare discretion of his epithets, are all evident, and not likely to

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Faithfully yours,
Austin Dobson

be overlooked. And when he chooses to be entirely serious, as in perhaps his finest poem, "The Sick Man and the Birds," how natural it seems to him, after all his evasions, to speak, as it is most natural to the poet to speak, directly!

Most of his poetry is an evasion; and it becomes, in its very frivolity, poetry, because it is an evasion. In its indirect, smiling, deliberate way of dealing with life, choosing those hours of carnival, when for our allotted time we put on masks, and coloured dresses, and dance a measure or two with strangers, it is an escape, an escape from life felt to be about to become overpowering. Do we not, among ourselves, avoid the expression of a deeply felt emotion, in order that we may not intensify the emotion itself by giving it words? This light poetry, seeming to be occupied so largely with the things that matter least to us in the world, is human in a most closely human way; and by its very evasion it confesses the power and oppression of those deep emotions which it is like us in trying to escape.

The quality which I find, even in those which seem least likely to occasion it of these transparent *Proverbs in Porcelain*, these lilting old French forms, these trotting ballads of the time of the Georges, is the quality of pathos. It is that pathos of things fugitive, flowers, beauty, the bloom on any fruit, sunshine in winter. It is what touches us, what we feel, without our quite realising the paradox of its appeal to us, not only in the frail, rose-leaf art of Watteau (where it is no doubt part of the intention), but in the certainly unintended suggestion of those eighteenth-century fans painted with gallant devices, those seventeenth-century gavottes written for courtly measures; and is there not perhaps something of the same reason for the melancholy so strangely islanded in the heart of whirling gaiety of the German dance-rhythms of to-day? In the Capitoline Museum at Rome, in a room filled with busts of the emperors, there is one bust, that of Julia, the daughter of Titus, which has for me precisely the charm and pathos of those fragile things to which this kind of art gives something of the consecration of time. The little fashionable head, so small, eager, curled so elaborately for its life of one fashionable day, and seeming to be so little at home in the unexpected, perpetuating coldness of marble; what has such as this to do with the dignity of death?

"But where is the Pompadour, too?"

asks Mr. Dobson:

"*This* was the Pompadour's *Fan!*"

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And it is because he has apprehended so deeply the carnival hours of life, with all that they have of the very unconsciousness of flight; because he has shown us youth, fashion, careless joy, in their unconcern of to-morrow, when youth will be one step further into the shadow it casts before it, and fashion will retire before other plumes, and careless joy sadden at a mere change of the wind; it is because he has these "artless, ageless things to say," with so vivid, and so reluctant, a sense of what can be said lightly, daintily, with sufficient sincerity, during that bright hour's "indefinite reprieve," that he is a poet, where most writers of light verse (to whom the moment is seen but from the moment's point of view) are but rhymers for drawing-rooms. Writing as he does of the matters, and apparently in the tone, which are sufficient for the day to most worldly-wise people, his point of view is never that of the worldly-wise gentleman of the clubs, who is often to be found admiring him for what he thinks is a similarity of tastes. It is always the point of view of the poet, and of a poet to whom no sensation comes without its delicate *arrière-pensée* of wisdom.

I do not say that the whole of his work is of this value which I find typical of it. And, in particular, I do not say that this implicit quality of pathos is not sometimes, to its peril, explicit. Such popular pieces as "The Child Musician," in which the pathos is said instead of seen, drop at once into a different order of work. A direct appeal to the sentiment of tears, a demand on one's sympathy; any of our Adelphi artificers can move us with that, and leave us ashamed of our emotion afterward. A newspaper paragraph will do as much; the sight, in the street, of a woman sobbing in a doorway. That pathos, ethereal and yet enduring as the little life of roses living on in the immortality of the vinaigrette, which I find in whatever is good of Mr. Dobson's work, is entirely a pathos of second thoughts; something which is not in the picture, but without which the picture would not be what it is, a picture of some *fête galante*, seeming to exist for itself, in so fragile a moment's happiness, that it appeals to our pity as irony does, touching the artistic sense in us of the paradox of life.

In Mr. Dobson's work, as I have said, we get, frankly, *vers de société* as well as poetry; and it might be interesting to discriminate between whatever, in his work, belongs to the one or the other order. It is unsafe to neglect so much as a single piece in his collection, for you are never safe from a surprise, and you will find touches of genuine poetry in the most unexpected places. But for the most part he is at his best when he is furthest away from our time; and for an obvious enough reason. It is only past fashions that can appeal to us as being in themselves poetical. When they are of our time they are, in themselves, but so much decoration; they have even a touch of comedy in their nearness to us. That is why Mr. Dobson's poems of the present day, in which he deals with manners as manners, are with difficulty accepted as poetry; and why the verse-writers of "teacup times," who in those times wrote of their teacups, scarcely seem to us poets. While the fan was still between the ringed fingers of the Pompadour, it was but a pretty piece of decoration; it is only now that the

> "Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
> Painted by Carlo Vanloo,"

becomes stuff for poetry, becoming a symbol of those silken ways by which the fates of nations went, when the fan was of equal weight with the sceptre. But Mr. Dobson, who has the true artist's love of difficulties to conquer, has done that most difficult of things, making poetry out of the ribbons of to-day, and for the wearer of those ribbons. Well, let the "English girl, divine, demure," for whom he has told us he sings, take the pretty compliment, as the probably not more comprehensive Marquise of Molière took the compliments of her "last poet": who should quarrel with the flattering tongue of a dedication? Mr. Dobson knows well enough that he has not written his poems for young ladies, nor for to-day's homage. He has done his day's work for the work's sake, and he has finished perfectly a small, beautiful thing: a miniature, a bust, a coin.

> "All passes. Art alone
> Enduring stays to us;
> The Bust outlasts the throne—
> The Coin, Tiberius."

*Arthur Symons.*

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# VERSES READ AT THE DINNER OF THE OMAR KHÁYYÁM CLUB,*

ON THURSDAY, MARCH 25TH, 1897.

"—Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit OMARI aliquid."

—*Lucretius* (adapted).

"—While we the Feast by Fruit and Wine prolong
A Bard bobs up, and bores us with a Song."

—*The Apiiad*

'Twas Swift who said that people "view
In Homer more than Homer knew."
I can't pretend to claim the gift
Of playing Bentley upon Swift;
But I suspect the reading true
Is "Omar more than Omar knew,"
Or why this large assembly met
Lest we this Omar should forget?
(In a parenthesis, I note
Our Rustum † here, without red coat;
Where Sohrab sits I'm not aware,
But that's Firdausi ‡ in the Chair!)—
I say then that we now are met
Lest we this Omar should forget,
Who, ages back, remote, obscure,
Wrote verses once at Naishápúr,—
Verses which, as I understand,
Were merely copied out by hand,
And now, without etched plates, or aid
Of India paper, or handmade,
Bid fair Parnassus' top to climb,
And knock the Classics out of time.

*Persicos odi*—Horace said,
And therefore is no longer read.
Time, who could simply not endure
Slight to the Bard of Naishápúr,
(Time, by the way, was rather late
For one so often up to date!)
Went swiftly to the Roll of Fame
And blotted Q. H. F. his name,
Since when, for every youth or Miss
That knows *Quis multa gracilis*,
There are a hundred who can tell
What Omar thought of Heav'n and Hell:
Who Bahrám was; and where was hid
The sev'n-ring'd Beaker of Jamshyd;—
In short, without a break can quote
Most of what Omar ever wrote.

* Copyright, 1897, by Austin Dobson.
† Field-Marshal Rt. Hon. Viscount Wolseley.
‡ Mr. Edmund Gosse.

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Well, Omar Kháyyám wrote of Wine,
And all of us, sometimes, must dine ;
And Omar Kháyyám wrote of Roses,
And all of us, no doubt, have noses ;
And Omar Kháyyám wrote of Love,
Which some of us are not above.
Also, he charms to this extent,
We don't know, always, what he meant.
Lastly, the man's so plainly dead
We can heap honours on his head.

Then, too, he scores in other wise
By his "deplorable demise."
There is so much that we could say
Were he a Bard of yesterday !
We should discuss his draughts and pills,
His baker's and his vintner's bills ;
Rake up—perhaps 'tis well we can't—
Gossip about his maiden aunt ;
And all that marketable matter
Which Freeman nicknamed "Harriet-chatter !"
But here not even Persian candles
Can light us to the smallest scandals ;—
Thus far your Omar gains at least
By having been so long deceased.

Failing of this, we needs must fall
Back on his *opus* after all ;—
Those quatrains so compact, complete,
So suited to FitzGerald's feet,
(And, let us add, so subtly planned
To tempt the imitative band !)—
Those censers of *Omari* ware
That breathe into the perfumed air
His doubt, his unrest, his despair ;—
Those jewels-four-lines-long that show,
Eight hundred years and more ago,
An old thing underneath the sun
In Babylonish Babylon ;—
A Body and a Soul at strife
To solve the Mystery of Life !

So then all hail to Omar K. !
(To take our more familiar way)
Though much of what he wrote and did
In darkest mystery is hid ;
And though (unlike our bards) his task
Was less to answer than to ask ;
For all his endless Why and Whether,
He brings us here to-night together ;
And therefore (as I said before),
Hail ! Omar Kháyyám, hail ! once more !

*Austin Dobson.*

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# QUOD MINIME RERIS.*

There is something partly pathetic and partly exasperating in the reflection that the vast majority of mankind, on nearly every important subject, get their facts and their opinions wholly at second hand. Close to the heart of each great problem, whether it be theological or political or scientific or philosophical, a few powerful and unwearied minds are always labouring and watching, forgetful of self, single-minded, devoted to one sublime ideal—the discovery of truth, cost what it may and point whither it will. They have no thought of gain, no love of popular applause, no motive save the scholar's motive, which is, at its highest, so pure and so disinterested as almost to deserve the name of sacred. Whatever men have learned as yet in each respective field is known to them, and they live in serene contentment, and die with a smile of happiness, if they can but feel that by their labour and self-denial the sum of human knowledge has been perceptibly augmented, that through their effort a single ray of light has stolen out a little further into the dusk of the Unknown. They seek absolutely nothing for themselves, and what they learn is free to all who care to take it from them.

There stands about these men a second class, shrewd, clever, quick-witted, and ingenious, having much of the scholar's knowledge and very little of the scholar's spirit, with eyes that are turned toward the world at large, which is, in fact, their oyster. Whatever stream of knowledge flows forth from the little sanctuary where the giants of learning smite the rocks of difficulty, these brilliant persons rapidly scoop it up into their own shallow vessels, and diluting it with the water of the first roadside puddle, run abroad throughout the world, selling the draught to any one who may seek to buy. To drop the figure, it is, in general, only the adapter, the populariser, the actual dispenser, whom the world at large encounters; and it is, therefore, to him that the glory and the praise of the discovery are given. Take almost any field of science, using that term in its broadest sense, and ask the average man to tell you the great contemporary names suggested by it, and he will always give you the names of middlemen, of men who sit in the outer gates of learning and not within the penetralia. Hence it is (to take two obvious illustrations) that the multitude regard Mr. Edison as a great master of electrical experiment; and view Professor Max Müller as chief among comparative philologists.

It is in the sphere of religious and theological discussion that this curious and rather depressing phenomenon is most strikingly perceptible, because such topics have from time immemorial most vitally and continuously interested the greatest number of human beings. And here the story is the same. A few profoundly learned men, equipped with all the means of investigation known to this last and greatest of the centuries, are labouring in the difficult field of Biblical research, animated by no controversial ardour, heedless of fame, and seeking only in a reverent spirit to eliminate error and to know the entire truth as God has given men to see it. Theirs is the knowledge of text and times, of the subtlest linguistic colours, of the nicest questions of evidence, of the testimony that comes from within, and of the corroboration or contradiction that exists in the perplexing records of external history. They work on, and under their hands the light appears to grow less dim. Of the problems before them, some seem to contain the possibility of a plain solution; there is something at least that can be clearly learned. But they know that the last word has not yet been spoken, and that they have lifted only a little corner of the veil. The time has not arrived for any man to speak with full authority; and they still work on. But all about them are flitting other and restless minds, eager for something new, impatient of delay, filled with the spirit of the intellectual charlatan and the sensation-monger; and these men snatch greedily at the scraps that fall from the sober table of the wise, and rush off to proclaim a new doctrine and to dedicate some structure

* Die Chronologie der altchristlichen Litteratur bis Eusebius. Von Adolf Harnack. Erster Band. Die Chronologie bis Irenæus. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung.

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hastily reared upon a foundation that will not for one moment bear a serious strain. They write books and magazine articles, and even letters in the newspapers ; and they bask complacently in the sunshine of popular amazement.

Upon these there waits still another class—the shallow, superficial, fluent preachers who combine the *flair* of a trained reporter with the ambitions of a popular actor. They are filled with the modern notion that the teaching of religion—the most solemn and impressively awful responsibility that can rest upon a human being—is of value only in so far as it can be made amusing or exciting or picturesque. These are the men who put off the external marks of their calling, who dress like commercial travellers, who slap you on the back, assume an air of brisk joviality, preach bicycle sermons, organise sports and pastimes for their flock, and conceive the idea of "church smokers" as a means of grace. This sort of thing they speak of in their own jargon as "meeting men as men," "bringing religion down from the clouds," and "making it practical ;" not seeing that their unseemly and grotesque impersonation is viewed by men of the world with something of that half-amused, half-pitying contempt with which one would behold a middle-aged schoolmistress capering in a skirt-dance. The eternal themes of reverence and mercy, of justice and of judgment, are wholly absent from their clack, and they can tell you far more about duck-shooting and the gossip of the clubs.

When, then, the middlemen of doctrine, the theological jerry-builders, send out some new report of what they say has been discovered by serious and scientific scholars, this half-explained and half-digested bit of knowledge is snapped up in a flash. It is, very likely, only part of a preliminary study, a tentative hypothesis, a theory broached as being one of several possible explanations ; or it may represent only one stage of an investigation which is still in progress and of which the final results may wholly alter the actual significance of the earlier assumption. But all this makes no difference to the clerical seeker after a sensation. He hastily reads an article or two in the magazines, runs over a popular book upon the subject, gets a general notion of what it is all about, hits upon a few catch-words and effective phrases, and then feels himself fully prepared to discuss the whole history of Biblical criticism from Thomas of Heraclea to Tischendorf and Gregory. This leads men, especially newspaper men, to describe him as "fully abreast of the times," or perhaps even as "an up-to-date divine." If the particular information that has filtered its way down to him is, on the face of it, a little subversive of previously accepted notions, something with a flavour of heterodoxy about it, he is especially well pleased. Nothing delights a clergyman of this type more than to utter radical sentiments and views that to many are perhaps a little shocking — especially when put as he too often puts them, with a half-humorous treatment of a sacred theme, or a jocular version of some Biblical narrative. He knows that there is something peculiarly piquant in heterodoxy when it is preached from an orthodox pulpit, though the same utterances would fall absolutely flat and unnoticed if proclaimed by one without the pale. Therefore he smugly keeps a tight hold upon the temporalities of his charge while playing all the time with heresy ; and if he can only get some one to accuse him of being an actual heretic, his future is assured ; for then the newspapers will print abstracts of his sermons, and he will be known both far and wide as a "liberal" and "modern" man.

Not all who set forth in their sermons what they think to be the truth established by the higher criticism are men of this cheap type. There are scores of conscientious teachers, who themselves are troubled by the assaults upon tradition, who vaguely feel the spiritual danger that lurks in much that is put forth by those who claim to know the latest doctrine of the critics, but who hold that it would be quite dishonest to conceal the facts as they have come to understand them. So they load up their discourses with questions of textual and exegetical subtlety ; speaking of the doubtful authorship of one or another of the sacred writings, of the chronological uncertainty of a record long regarded as inspired, of pseudonymous epistles, of the early canon, of interpolations and incorporated glosses. They do not see that the fundamental truths of Christian doctrine, its ethics and its true divinity, are not

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in the least affected by things like these. They forget that the obligation and the moral beauty of charity and chastity are not dependent upon one view or another of a chronological date; that the Aramaic colouring of a prophet's style cannot impair the eternal validity of justice; that the double authorship of a Biblical record does not lessen the inherent sanctity of an honest, reverent, and blameless life; that the peculiar significance of a particle askew has no bearing upon the need which all men feel of hope and consolation in their hours of sorrow. And, again, they do not see how, nevertheless, these paltry scraps of third-hand scepticism really undermine and honeycomb the foundation of a faith upon which must ultimately rest those motives that alone lead men to strive for a better and a purer and a nobler life. What does the layman gather from a homily replete with all the jargon of a transcendental critic? Nothing whatever beyond a vague impression that all the teaching learned by him at his mother's knee, the teaching that has kept alive within him all the better aspirations of his nature, is doubtful, obsolete, or even false. And then, as time goes on, he comes to think that right and wrong are nothing but conventionalities when all is so uncertain, that life's philosophy is only hedonism, that there is no changeless standard of morality, and that an enlightened selfishness is in reality the highest wisdom. It *may* be otherwise, he will tell you, but he doesn't know; and when religious teachers are themselves in doubt, why should he acknowledge any personal responsibility? Thus the process of disintegration spreads, and thus the teachers of religion are themselves unconsciously converted into mere assistant infidels. And all the while, above and beyond these untrained babblers of a doctrine still chaotic and half-understood, the dispassionate, untiring students who are seated at the sources go on and on and on, discarding one by one their own first tentative hypotheses, proving the falsity of their own first radical assumptions, and quickly leaving far behind them their own crude generalisations, even while the superficial pulpit orator is still endeavouring to master these and to promulgate them as being the ultimate and supreme expression of discovered truth.

Professor Adolf Harnack's truly monumental work, of which the first part is before us, suggests inevitably the train of thought that has been here outlined. Professor Harnack is himself, we think, unquestionably viewed by scholars as being the most eminent of all the students who are to-day investigating the history and the sources of early Christian literature. As a chronologist he has no superior; and he is deeply read in all the existing records of the period that is his chosen field of scientific investigation. His elaborate *Dogmengeschichte*, only lately translated into English, has been, since its first appearance in 1889, a standard work with investigators of every school of thought. He is not an orthodox theologian; in fact, his name has in the past been many a time invoked for the discomfiture of the adherents of orthodox tradition. But he is a type of the scholar who is absolutely free from any trace of intellectual vanity; and his frankness and generosity and candour have won for him the respect and even the admiration of those who have most earnestly opposed his critical judgments. He is one of those rare spirits who feel it to be no shame but rather a most honourable duty to retract beliefs which further light has shown to be erroneous, and who with a single heart desire to establish nothing but the truth.

The work to which our attention is at the present time directed contains a most minute and searching exposition of a part of his investigations; and to these he has prefixed an Introduction written in a singularly luminous and forceful style, and summarising the general conclusions to which his long and patient toil has led him. This lucid statement of the attitude of perhaps the greatest living scholar toward some of the most vexatious problems of New Testament criticism must necessarily arouse a very general interest; and it may be very specially commended to the notice of those dabblers in theology whose minds still feel the influence of Baur and Strauss, and who regard a tincture of the Tübingen teaching as the mark of erudite and enlightened liberalism.

For the benefit of the general reader, we may recall briefly the attitude assumed by those investigators who, with perfect honesty but with imperfect data,

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laid the foundations of the particular school which so grievously unsettled the minds of all who let themselves be dazzled by their learning and impressed by their audacity. Of these destructive critics, Ferdinand Christian Baur, "the Niebuhr of New Testament criticism," and one imbued with the Hegelian view of history, professed to see in the books of the New Testament evidence of a period of storm and stress in the early days, of a period when discordant passion rent the Church asunder and filled with bitterness and resentment the factions that contended over questions of ecclesiastic polity. Closely following Baur came Strauss, as ingenious, brilliant, and profound as he, and more aggressively radical than De Wette, his other predecessor, whose methods, in fact, as applied by him to the study of the Old Testament, Strauss now directed upon the New. Under his dissolving touch the Gospels seemed to melt into mist and myth; miracle, prophecy, faith itself, appeared to shrink to nothingness. His keen analysis seemed based upon irrefutable fact, and the charm of his style carried his teaching to minds that seldom note the varying phases of theological discussion. The influence of his *Leben Jesu* it would be difficult to overrate. Upon timorous souls of the Robert Elsmere type the effort was overwhelming, while others who shrank from the bold logic of Strauss still received something of his scepticism through less polemical works, among which perhaps Renan's *Histoire des Origines* may be regarded as most influential. Probably not many English and American theologians went all the length that Strauss would logically lead them; but there is not a doubt that much which he professed to demonstrate found lodgment in the minds of many men, especially in those of teachers of religion. Many perhaps did not at once confess to being influenced by what they read; but it is certain that their former faith, their feeling of certainty, yielded gradually to the solvent of this German revelation, and that in time their attitude became and has remained the attitude of men who doubt. As Professor Harnack himself declares:

"There was a time—in fact, the general public has not gone beyond it yet—when the oldest Christian literature, including the New Testament itself, was looked upon as but a tissue of deceptions and falsifications. . . . There is still left . . . an undefined sense of distrust, a method like that of a suspicious government which is always fastening itself on single points, and which attempts by means of them to attack conclusions that are clear and definite. . . . An effort is now made to trace all sorts of 'tendencies,' and to point out extensive interpolations; or else a scepticism is visible which places probability and improbability on precisely the same level."

Now it is to be presumed that both the *Tendenzkritik* and the scepticism of which Professor Harnack is here speaking are far less universal in this country than in Germany; yet they certainly exist, and they exist, too, in minds in which their presence is not generally suspected. But their existence undoubtedly depends upon a strong feeling that they are in accordance with the matured and well-established opinions of the very ablest scholars. Our doubting Thomases, in fact, have not yet got beyond the era of Baur and Strauss; and they imagine that the views of Baur and Strauss are still substantially the views that German critics hold to-day. They know, of course, that the work of investigation is still going on; but they are absolutely unaware that its trend is by no means the same as that which characterised the scholarship of the early sixties. Hence, it is extremely interesting, and to the majority even of Biblical students it must be almost startling, to come upon a frank, dispassionate statement of results like those set forth in Professor Harnack's Introduction. To feel their full significance and weight it should again be noted that this writer is everywhere acclaimed as being the very ablest and most conscientious of those scholars who approach the subject from the side of purely secular and scientific criticism.

What, then, is the deliberate judgment of this eminent investigator with regard to the questions that have just been mentioned? Coming to his task with a thorough disbelief in the accuracy of the Christian traditions, and standing even to-day without the pale of orthodoxy, Professor Harnack states that the conclusions which he has reached are in all important points in harmony with these same traditions. The irresistible logic of chronology, the marshalling of an infinite array of significant facts, have led him with most admirable candour to set down this very remarkable confession;

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"The oldest literature of the Church in all important points and in most of its details is, from the point of view of literary criticism, both genuine and worthy of reliance. In the whole New Testament there is in all probability only a single writing [the Second Epistle of Peter] that can be looked upon as pseudonymous in the strict sense of the word."

He then goes on to say that, even of the uncanonical writings, those that are pseudonymous are surprisingly few; that in the case of one at least (the so-called *Acta Theclæ*) its pseudonymity was recognised and condemned by the Church itself; that there are few writings that are interpolated; and that the interpolations themselves are mainly harmless.

"The literary tradition of the Pre-Catholic Period is shown to be, as a whole, reliable."

But these general statements, striking though they be, do not exhaust the list of Professor Harnack's remarkable admissions. Practically, he accepts all the Pauline Epistles as genuine, though the dates which he defends differ by a few years from those of the Church tradition. He gives a chronology of St. Paul's life which removes the last doubt, based on external evidence, against the authenticity of these writings. He points out the internal evidence which each of the Gospels affords as testimony to the genuineness of the others. He states without qualification that the letters of Ignatius and of Polycarp are all authentic; and he admits with a generous frankness the inaccuracy of the view upon this subject which he himself would have defended ten years ago. Most impressive of all is his broad and immensely significant summing up in which he boldly asserts that the whole drift of critical thought to-day is not destructive but conservative (he calls it "reactionary"), and that he looks for a strengthening of this tendency in the immediate future.

"The chronological succession in which tradition has placed the original documents of Christianity is, in all essential points, from the Epistles of Paul to the writings of Irenæus, correct; and it forces the historian to disregard all theories whatever relating to these events, if they conflict with this succession."

We could wish that the conclusions of so learned and dispassionate a scholar might soon be very widely known. They surely would correct the false assumption that a sneaking scepticism in religious teaching is in any sense a proof of erudition or of liberality of thought; and they would bring back to a more sober way of thinking those whose convictions have been unsettled by a mistaken adherence to mere critical authority. Then we should have, perhaps, far fewer "up-to-date divines" and more of those simple-mannered priests who do not study fashion in their faith and change it with each season of the year; but who live quietly among their flocks, sharing their sorrows and their joys, and teaching them, not the latest thing in dittography and haplography, but instead those homely virtues that can never age, and that in every century bind men together and make for unity and purity and untroubled peace.

Yet vastly more important than the actual conclusions to which Professor Harnack has attained, is the evidence which this volume gives us of how shifting and uncertain at the best is purely secular learning. What this great critic held as truth ten years ago, he now repudiates as falsehood; what his predecessors stated with dogmatic certainty even the most radical of modern Biblical investigators have long ago rejected. It is a most impressive lesson to every one who is tempted to yield up some portion of historic faith to the winds of secular authority, to be blown about with every fitful gust; for, looking back over long periods of years, critics recant, their teaching perishes; and that which stands immutable and quite secure is the great tradition and the mighty system that perpetuate whatever is best and highest in human aspiration and belief. Mere scholarship grows obsolete and is discredited; but the pages over which the scholar pores still lend to the troubled soul the consolation of inspired wisdom; while the splendid structure that has been reared upon their teaching is the one and only thing that amid the wreck of theory, the mist of casuistry, and the supreme assault of intellectual pride, has never for a single moment yet been shaken.

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

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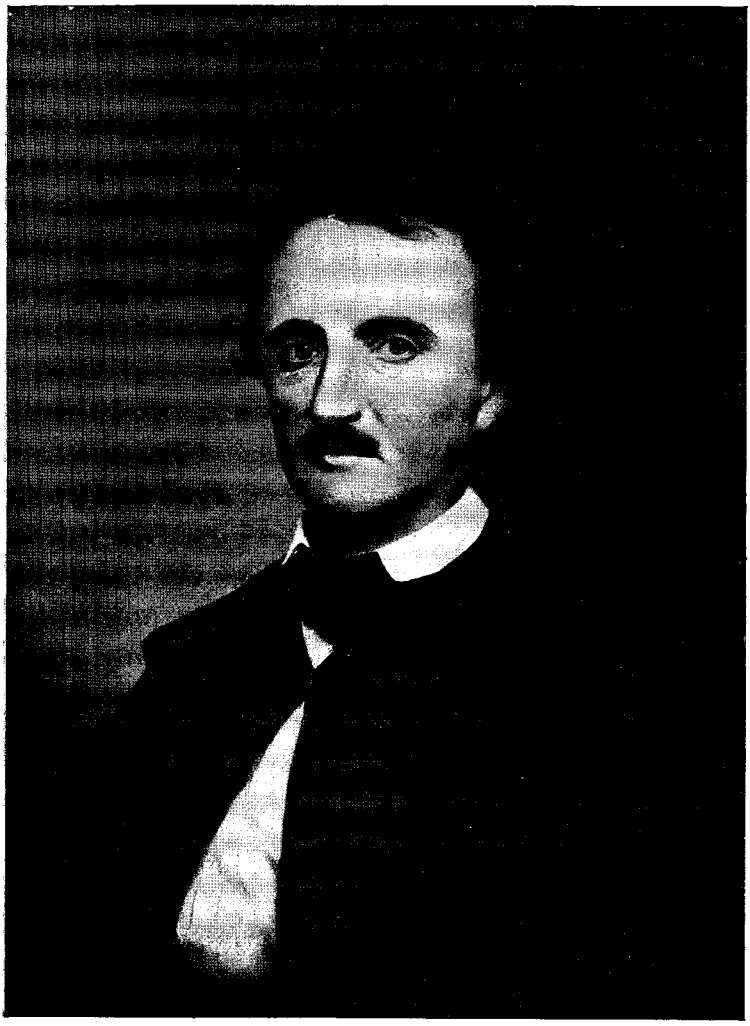

Edgar A. Poe.

# AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

## IV.—Edgar Allan Poe.

For a long time it was hard to get at the truth about Poe's life. His first biographer, the Rev. R. W. Griswold, whom Poe named as his literary executor, told such an unflattering tale that since 1850 it has been the rôle of many important writers to abuse this reverend gentleman. An enthusiastic French translator of the tales inquires concerning him: "*Il n'existe donc pas en Amérique d'ordonnance qui interdit aux chiens l'entrée des cimetières?*" An American admirer of Poe asserts that Griswold appointed himself literary executor, paid Mrs. Clemm, the poet's mother-in-law, a small sum for the papers in her possession, and made her sign a statement that Poe had chosen him to collect and edit his works—all with the purpose of

Note.—The above portrait is taken from a photograph of the painting by Oscar Halling in the possession of John Prentice Poe, Esq., Baltimore, Md., and is here reproduced by his kind permission.

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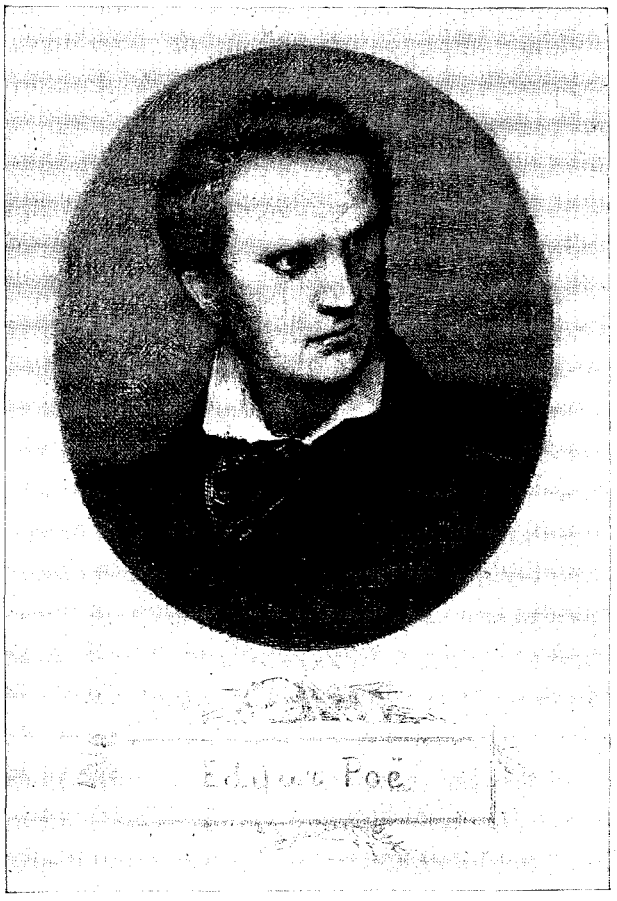


A EUROPEANISED POE.

From a rare French etching in the possession of Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, New York, by her kind permission.

vilifying the dead man's fame. This is manifestly false; but from 1850, when Griswold's memoir appeared, until 1885, when Mr. George E. Woodberry, in his biography in the American Men of Letters Series, threw a white light upon many vexed questions, there was hardly an attempt at describing Poe in which the errors either of undue praise or of undue condemnation were not obvious. It is now felt that Griswold in the main told the truth, though generally without kindness or tact. In the present sketch Professor Woodberry's statements are accepted as authoritative.

Why should the old, unpleasant stories be told again at all? "Why do you have the same old toys for sale every Christmas?" a lady once asked a shopkeeper; "why don't you get some new ones?" "Madam," was the reply, "there are always new babies." And there are always new readers—and some old ones with short memories. For both of these classes, and for more besides, Poe's tales and poems are eternally new; and some knowledge of the man who produced them bears essentially upon the fulness of their meaning.

If we were to adopt Poe's own stories of himself we should have, in the first place, to give him several birthdays, each later than the actual one. This was January 19th, 1809, and, as if his life began with contradictions, Boston, the city of his detestation, was his birthplace. But his mother was an actress—Elizabeth Arnold—whom his father, David Poe, the son of an excellent Maryland family, had married against the wishes of his people; and it is the fortune of the children of the theatre to be born "on the road." It was Poe's misfortune that in Richmond his mother died when he was less than three years old; his father had already quitted the scene. The three children of the marriage were adopted by benevolent friends and relatives, Edgar falling into the care of the childless wife of a wealthy merchant of Richmond, whose name of Allan the boy received. It could not have been foreseen that the ill-starred waif might almost as well have been left to shift for himself.

Through his boyhood there was no lack of kindness in the treatment his foster parents bestowed upon him. They were proud of his good looks and precocity, and gave him the best of schooling, first in Richmond, and then, during their stay abroad, for five years at the Manor House School, Stoke Newington, a London suburb. Here the headmaster observed merely that he was clever, but injured by "an extravagant amount of pocket money." Poe's story of "William Wilson" records his own remembrances of the school. He was brought back to Richmond

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in 1820, and for six years pursued his studies there under the best auspices preparatory to entering the University of Virginia.

It is worth remarking that in this schoolboy period Poe made no friends. He was at once sensitive and supercilious, desirous of a regard he did not excite, and quick to show his contempt for wits less keen than his own. These qualities he never outgrew, and for the life he was destined to lead they provided as poor an equipment as one can well imagine. One strong attachment which he did form at this time, however, is equally noticeable for the quality it foreshadowed. It was his romantic devotion to the young and beautiful mother of one of his schoolmates. Poe never ceased to crave the society of women who could "understand" him; and when this lady of Richmond, after winning the boy's heart by her tenderness toward him, died an early death, the young dreamer would go to her grave by night, and brood by day upon the bitterness of his loss. She seems to have been his first Lenore.

EDGAR ALLAN POE AT 35.

From an engraving of the original picture by J. Sartain.

Of the youth who was capable of such feelings one does not exactly expect the record Poe made for himself at the University of Virginia, which he entered in February of 1826. To be sure, when his university career ended in less than a year, he took with him the highest honours in Latin and French; but he left behind him gambling debts to the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars and a reputation as an extraordinary drinker. "It was not the *taste* of the beverage that influenced him," a college contemporary has written. "Without a sip or a smack of the mouth he would seize a full glass, without water or sugar, and send it home at a single gulp." But cards were his destruction at college, and it was no wonder that Mr. Allan declined to send him back to Charlottesville.

The alternative for college life was a clerkship in Mr. Allan's office, and it was a matter of course that Poe could not long submit to it. If again we were to adopt his own account of himself, at least as he authorised it in biographical sketches of a later date, we should have to follow him now to Greece, where, according to the mythical story, he went, like Byron, to fight for liberty; we should find him, too, in St. Petersburg, involved in some mysterious trouble, from which he was extricated only by the help of the American consul. The real, if less romantic, truth appears to be that going forth from Richmond to seek his fortunes in the world, he soon found himself in poverty in Boston, where an obscure publisher printed for him in 1827 an obscure little volume, "*Tamerlane, and Other Poems*, by a Bostonian." It was nothing then, but five years ago one of the three known existing copies of the book sold for $1850. The inference from the fact

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"ULALUME."

From an unpublished etching by F Seymour Haydon in the possession of Mr. F. H. Day (of Messrs. Copeland and Day), Boston.

that the publisher in later life never associated "Tamerlane" with the famous name of Poe is that the young singer was making use of another name. This inference is borne out by the enlistment at Boston of Edgar A. Perry, on May 26th, 1828, as a private in the United States Army, and by the identification of this young soldier, who soon became a sergeant-major, with Edgar A. Poe. This person, Poe or Perry, received a leave of absence from Fortress Monroe when Mrs. Allan, Poe's benefactress, died in Richmond, early in 1829; and it was Mr. Allan who applied for it, and a little later was instrumental in bringing about his foster son's admission as a cadet to the Academy at West Point. It was doubtless a relief to the respectable merchant to feel that he had thus done his duty by the young man, with whom his sense of kinship had been growing year by year more remote.

It was in 1830 that Poe entered West Point, having published in Baltimore, in the year before, a second little volume of poems. Though his age was record-

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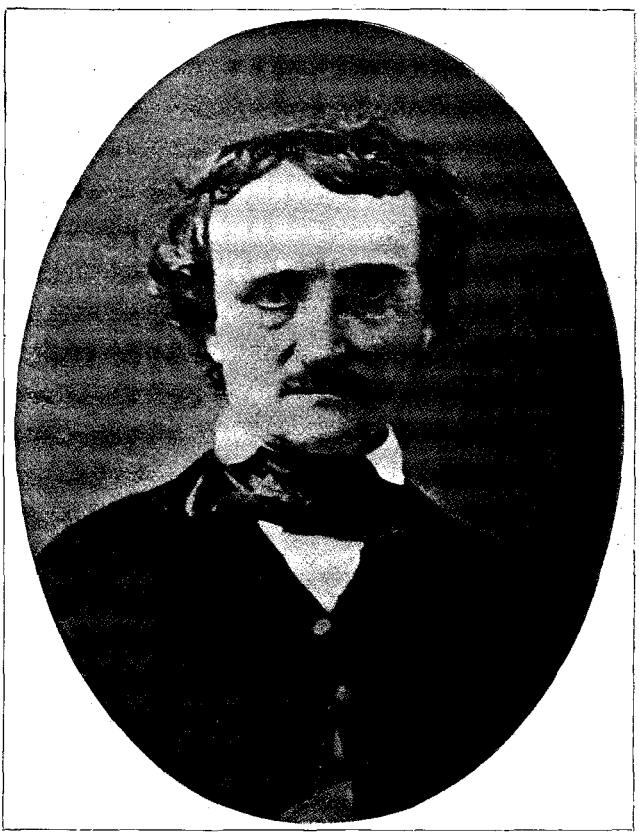
ed at the Academy as nineteen, it was the face of a man of more than the twenty-one years he had really lived that his fellow-cadets learned to know. It was their jest to say that he had secured an appointment for his son, and, the boy having died, he had come to take his place. It was no great wonder that Poe bore the look of age before his time. Estranged from those who had tried to help him, solitary, sensitive and poor, and endowed by nature with a spirit which, from first to last, preyed remorselessly upon itself—what was there to give his face the look of youth? And how could such a one have been expected to adapt himself to a life in which self-effacement is the first rule? It made no difference that Poe had chosen for himself the military profession. He soon tired of it, and deliberately brought about his own expulsion from the Academy. Perhaps this was rendered the easier by his reckless habits through the six months of his cadetship. His literary tendencies were well known at West Point, and there is a certain irony in the fact that a third little book of verse, which a New York publisher undertook on the strength of the cadets' support, distinctly disappointed the subscribers because it was not made up of local squibs.



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

From the photograph of a Daguerreotype (taken in November, 1848, while on a visit to Lowell, Mass.); reproduced by permission of Mr. Walter Leon Sawyer, Boston.

Poe's worldly prospects, when he made his way from West Point to Baltimore, were certainly far from bright. Mr. Allan had married a second wife, and the birth of a son soon dispelled every hope Poe might have entertained of coming into the property which as a boy he had had some reason to count upon. There was nothing for him but to live by his own wits, and for a time the living he made was of the barest. Happily for him, a Baltimore paper, *The Saturday Visiter* (*sic*), offered in 1833 some prizes in money for the best contributions in prose and verse. Poe's story of "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle" won him a hundred dollars, and his poem "The Coliseum" would have secured the first place in its class also had it not been thought unwise to give two prizes to one man. The success was of the greatest importance to Poe, for it secured him the influential friendship of John P. Kennedy, through which, in turn, he secured the associate editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a new magazine in Richmond. This was not until 1835, and in the meantime Poe had been reduced to the narrowest straits of poverty. On one occasion he had been obliged to decline Mr. Kennedy's invitation to dinner, because of his "personal appearance."

But all was changed in Richmond, where his new duties called him. His remarkable talents as an editor did wonders for the circulation of the *Messenger*; and his own pen, departing from the traditions of commonplace in fiction

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and criticism, spread his fame abroad. There was, moreover, almost for the only time in Poe's troublous life, a sufficiency of income for his needs. These were not great, although in September of 1835, feeling himself unable to part from the relatives with whom he had lived in Baltimore, his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and her daughter, Virginia, he had privately married his young cousin. How young she was all the world did not know; for when the public marriage took place in Richmond, in May, 1836, Poe's bondsman—under the marriage law—declared on oath that Virginia Clemm was "of the full age of twenty-one years." In reality she was not quite fourteen, and Poe was about twice her age. The spectacle of this marriage with a child has its relief in the picture of sonship and motherhood, the relations which Poe and Mrs. Clemm bore to each other through life with a peculiar tenderness. A weak man never needed the help of a strong woman more than Poe needed it, and as it was never to come from his wife, it was well that her mother could also be truly his. The fortunate circumstances of Poe's life were few enough. This was one of them.

MRS. MARIA CLEMM, THE "MORE THAN MOTHER" OF POE.

Now reproduced for the first time from the photograph of a Daguerreotype taken in 1850; by permission of Mr. Walter Leon Sawyer, Boston.

Prosperity now seemed easily within reach of the small family in Richmond. Its revenues were increased by the keeping of a few boarders, and apparently all would have gone well except for Poe himself. But before he had left Baltimore his habits—or freaks—of intemperance had begun to get him into trouble. They had better be called freaks, for it does not appear that they were habitual. No man so susceptible to stimulants could have indulged in them habitually and have done one half the work that Poe did in the world. It is Mrs. Clemm's testimony that a single cup of coffee would intoxicate him. For such a man the obvious thing to do was to shun his besetments as he would shun the plague; but this, at least for periods of any length, Poe had neither the purpose nor the courage to do. The prostration that followed each attack of intemperance was rendered the more complete by his use of opiates. It was as if he did his best to incapacitate both body and spirit. These, in a word, were the conditions under which much of his mature life was led. That they had begun to affect his work as early as in the

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Richmond days we are clearly informed by a letter to Poe from Mr. White, the proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Its spirit of expostulation is of the kindest, and a single sentence, if it is based upon fact, shows the need of good advice in which Poe already stood: "No man is safe that drinks before breakfast." It is unnecessary to quote more or to wonder that the first number of the magazine for 1837 made the announcement that Poe's connection with it had ceased.

It would be a sorrowful progress to follow Poe through all his vicissitudes. There is a monotony of pity in the spectacle of the man entering with courage upon new editorial ventures, making surely for success through weeks or months, winning the admiration of his associates, and then, suddenly or by degrees, failing with a completeness that rendered the brave hope of each beginning only the more tragic. Such, in a general way, were his experiences with Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine* and its successor, *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, where he lived from 1838 till 1844. Pursuing through all these dark days the *ignis fatuus* of a magazine of his own, he was nevertheless taking his place more and more firmly as a prose writer of the first popularity. As a poet he was scarcely known, but his stories and reviews in magazines, and his excellently well-named volume of 1840, *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, had secured him a general esteem quite out of keeping with the sordidness of his personal circumstances. It was in this period not only that his story of "The Gold Bug" won him his second prize of a hundred dollars, but that he wrought the wonders in cryptography which — save the mark! — might have made a Baconian of him to-day, and from the opening chapters of *Barnaby Rudge* foretold the conclusion, a feat which caused Dickens to inquire if Poe were the devil. But the substantial value of such successes as these was small, and in 1844 New York became the scene of his struggles.

VIRGINIA, MRS. CLEMM'S DAUGHTER, AND THE WIFE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Reproduced from a photograph of a water-colour sketch in the possession of Amelia Poe, Baltimore, Md., by her kind permission.

There was editorial work to be done on the *Evening Mirror*, conducted by N. P. Willis, and Poe secured the opportunity of doing it. Willis was all kindness and forbearance, and has testified heartily to Poe's regularity and efficiency throughout their entire intercourse. But "Willis was too Willisy for him," as another editor expressed it, and Poe, before a year was out, went through the unfamiliar proceeding of leaving an employer who was sorry to have him go. Before the end of 1845 his next venture was a thing of the past. He had joined with C. F. Briggs in the man-

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MRS SARAH HELEN WHITMAN, ADDRESSED BY THE POET IN HIS LINES "TO HELEN."

Now reproduced for the first time from a portrait in the Athenæum, Providence, R. I., by permission. Photographed by Anderström, Bristol, R. I.

agement of the *Broadway Journal*, had become proprietor of the paper, and had had to give it up, all within about ten months. In the process he lost the friendship of Lowell, through whom Briggs and he had been brought together, and supplied Horace Greeley, who had lent him money to keep the *Journal* alive, with one of his characteristic "Recollections":

"A gushing youth once wrote to me to this effect:

"'DEAR SIR: Among your literary treasures you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please inclose it to me, and receive the thanks of yours truly.'

"I promptly responded as follows:

"'DEAR SIR: Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly *one* autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for fifty dollars, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly $50.75 (including protest), and you may have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully.'

"That autograph, I regret to say, remains on my hands, and is still for sale at first cost, despite the lapse of time and the depreciation of our currency."

With Poe's abandonment of the *Broadway Journal* his work as an editor ended. He was still an important contributor to the magazines, and his series of articles in *Godey's*, "The Literati of New York," in which he belauded and berated his contemporaries with equal vigour, made no little stir in its time. Many of his judgments about the most important men of his day, as, for example, his immediate recognition of Hawthorne's genius, showed that the true critical faculty was in him. That he did not always exercise it sincerely we may infer from his answer to a friend's protest against his high praise, in print, of the productions of a lady writer: "It is true," he said, "she is really commonplace; but her husband was kind to me; I cannot point an arrow against any woman." Something of the same disingenuousness, to call it here by a gentle name, permitted him to sell several times over, often in slightly varied forms, the works of his pen, and to re-dedicate verses to successive ladies as the occasions arose. It made the less matter, however, at the time with which we are now concerned, for he had written "The Raven," first published in the *Evening Mirror* January 29th, 1845; and though the commercial value of the poem is said by some to have been ten, by others five dollars, its effect was to carry Poe's name into every corner of the land. He whose reputation had been based almost entirely upon prose suddenly found himself known high and low as a poet.

Neither his fame nor the publication of two volumes in 1845, *Tales* and *Poems*, made him other than an object of pity. Most of the time he was desperately poor, and worse than poverty was the condition described in this letter of his own—read it as you will—written in 1848:

"Six years ago a wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood vessel

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# PROSPECTUS

OF

# THE PENN MAGAZINE,

## A MONTHLY LITERARY JOURNAL,

### TO BE EDITED AND PUBLISHED IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA,

BY EDGAR A. POE.

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TO THE PUBLIC.—Since resigning the conduct of The Southern Literary Messenger, at the commencement of its third year, I have had always in view the establishment of a Magazine which should retain some of the chief features of that Journal, abandoning or greatly modifying the rest. Delay, however, has been occasioned by a variety of causes, and not until now have I found myself at liberty to attempt the execution of the design.

I will be pardoned for speaking more directly of The Messenger. Having in it no proprietary right, my objects too being at variance in many respects with those of its very worthy owner, I found difficulty in stamping upon its pages that *individuality* which I believe essential to the full success of all similar publications. In regard to their permanent influence, it appears to me that a continuous, definite character, and a marked certainty of purpose, are desiderata of vital importance, and only attainable where one mind alone has the general direction of the undertaking. Experience has rendered obvious, what might indeed have been demonstrated *a priori*; that in founding a Magazine of my own lies my sole chance of carrying out to completion whatever peculiar intentions I may have entertained.

To those who remember the early days of the Southern periodical in question it will be scarcely necessary to say that its main feature was a somewhat overdone causticity in its department of Critical Notices of new books. The Penn Magazine will retain this trait of severity in so much only as the calmest yet sternest sense of justice will permit. Some years since elapsed may have mellowed down the petulance without interfering with the rigor of the critic. Most surely they have not yet taught him to read through the medium of a publisher's will, nor convinced him that the interests of letters are unallied with the interests of truth. It shall be the first and chief purpose of the Magazine now proposed to become known as one where may be found at all times, and upon all subjects, an honest and a fearless opinion. It shall be a leading object to assert in precept, and to maintain in practice the rights, while in effect it demonstrates the advantages, of an absolutely independent criticism—a criticism self-sustained; guiding itself only by the purest rules of Art; analyzing and urging these rules as it applies them; holding itself aloof from all personal bias; acknowledging no fear save that of outraging the right; yielding no point either to the vanity of the author, or to the assumptions of antique prejudice, or to the involute and anonymous cant of the Quarterlies, or to the arrogance of those organized *cliques* which, hanging like nightmares upon American literature, manufacture, at the nod of our principal booksellers, a pseudo-public-opinion by wholesale. These are objects of which no man need be ashamed. They are purposes, moreover, whose novelty at least will give them interest. For assurance that I will fulfil them in the best spirit and to the very letter, I appeal with confidence to the many thousands of my friends, and especially of my Southern friends, who sustained me in the Messenger, where I had but a very partial opportunity of completing my own plans.

In respect to the other features of the Penn Magazine, a few words here will suffice. It will endeavour to support the general interests of the republic of letters, without reference to particular regions; regarding the world at large as the true audience of the author. Beyond the precincts of literature, properly so called, it will leave in better hands the task of instruction upon all matters of *very* grave moment. Its aim chiefly shall be *to please*; and this through means of versatility, originality, and pungency. It may be as well here to observe that nothing said in this Prospectus should be construed into a design of sullying the Magazine with any tincture of the buffoonery, scurrility, or profanity, which are the blemish of some of the most vigorous of the European prints. In all branches of the literary department, the best aid, from the highest and purest sources, is secured.

To the mechanical execution of the work the greatest attention will be given which such a matter can require. In this respect it is proposed to surpass, by very much, the ordinary Magazine style. The form will nearly resemble that of The Knickerbocker; the paper will be equal to that of The North American Review; the pictorial embellishments will be numerous, and by the leading artists of the country, but will be introduced only in the necessary illustration of the text.

The Penn Magazine will be published in Philadelphia, on the first of each month, and will form, half-yearly, a volume of about 500 pages. The price will be $5 per annum, payable in advance, or upon the receipt of the first number, which will be issued on the first of January, 1841. Letters addressed to the Editor and Proprietor,

EDGAR A. POE. Over.

Philadelphia,
Sep. 16. 1840.

Dear Sir,

Your kind letter, with the names of nine subscribers to the Penn Magazine, has only this moment reached me, as I have been out of town for the last week. I hope you will think me sincere when I say that I am truly grateful for the interest you have taken in my welfare. A few more such friends as yourself, and I shall have no reason to doubt of success.

What you say about "The Devil's Visit to St Dunstan" gives me great pleasure. I was thinking in what manner I should ask of you some such favor as you propose in sending me this "true history" — but was afraid of making too many demands at once upon your good nature. Your offer, therefore, is most à propos I shall look anxiously for the tale, and will assuredly be proud to give it a conspicuous place in the opening number of the Magazine.

With high respect, I am,
Yrobst.
Edgar A Poe

Jno Tomlin Esq

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE OF THE PROSPECTUS OF "THE PENN MAGAZINE," AND OF AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER WRITTEN BY OE ON THE BLANK PAGE OF A COPY OF THE SAME. THE PROSPECTUS IS PRINTED ON THE FIRST PAGE OF A FOUR-PAGED FOLIO AND THE LET ER ON THE THIRD PAGE.

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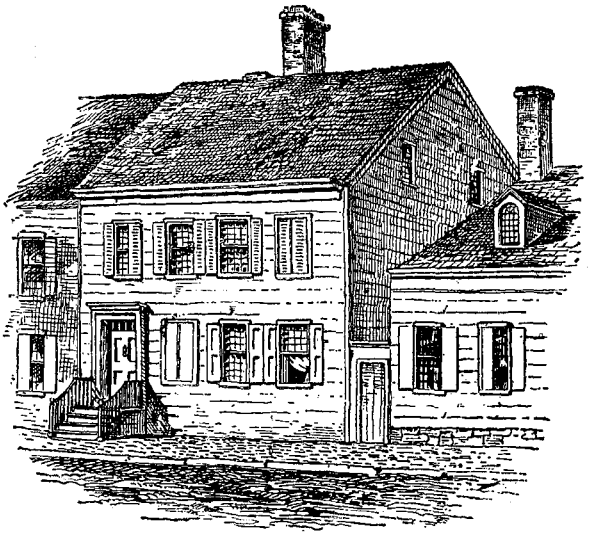
in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of the year the vessel broke again. I went through the same scene. . . . Then again — again — and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I felt all the agonies of her death, and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive, nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness I drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink rather than the drink to the insanity."



THE HOUSE (THEN NO. 113½) IN CARMINE STREET, NEW YORK, WHERE POE, HIS WIFE, AND MRS. CLEMM LIVED FOR A FEW MONTHS BEFORE SETTLING IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1838.

In 1846 Poe, with Virginia and Mrs. Clemm, had moved to Fordham, near New York City, and established himself in the cottage now owned by the New York Shakespeare Society, and always kept open to visitors. His interrupted writing brought the scantiest returns in money. By the autumn of this year it was felt that Mrs. Poe's last illness was upon her. A visitor has described the scene in the cottage :

"There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

Poe himself was only a little less ill, with poverty and dread, and when Virginia died, in January of 1847, the good women who cared for him nearly despaired of his recovery. There were always good women to care for Poe. To Mrs. Clemm, Poe himself well knew what he owed, as the lines "To My Mother" continue to tell the world ; and it is well worth while to repeat the pathetic words which Willis wrote of her in the *Home Journal* after Poe himself had died :

"Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us, in this whole city, has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem or an article on some literary subject, to sell — sometimes simply pleading in broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him—mentioning nothing but that 'he was ill,' whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing, and never amid all her tears and recitals of distress suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions."

At this crisis of Virginia's death it was a Mrs. Shew who, after Mrs. Clemm, was most to Poe. To her we are said to owe "The Bells." The story runs that in one of Poe's visits to her house he said that he had to write a poem, and complained of his total lack of inspiration for it. The sound of church bells prompted her, in spite of his irritation at the noise they were making, to write at the top of a piece of paper, "The Bells, by E. A. Poe." Then, as a first line, she jotted down "The bells, the little silver bells," and after Poe had done one stanza, wrote "The heavy iron bells" for him in the same way ; having finished this stanza, he wrote above them both "By Mrs. M. L. Shew," and handed her the manuscript. This was a pretty bit of fooling, but it lacked the warmth which Poe wished always to infuse into his friendships with women, a warmth which soon put an end to his intimacy with Mrs. Shew. Another of his women friends has left the record of Poe's own

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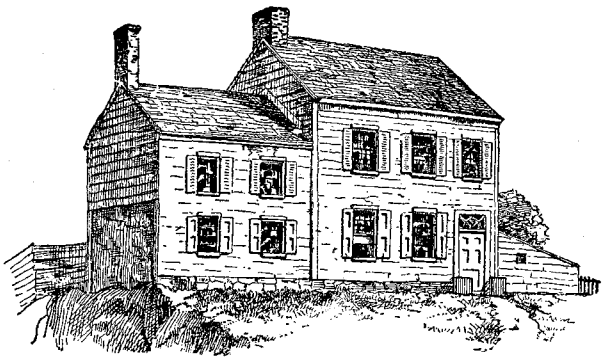


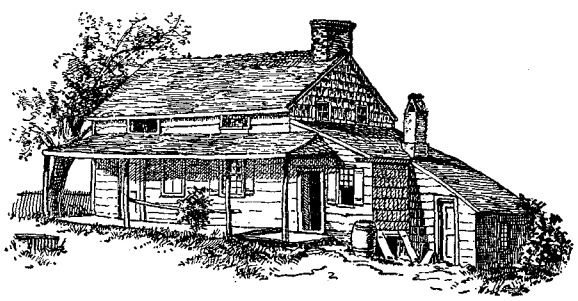
THE FRAME HOUSE (NOW DESTROYED) IN EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK, WHERE POE WROTE "THE RAVEN," "THE OBLONG BOX," AND "THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR."

declaration that in his wife, gentle, devoted, and beautiful as she was, he missed "a certain intellectual and spiritual sympathy," a lack which he was always willing to let the women who "understood" him try to supply. After Virginia's death these intimacies took a conspicuous place in the spectacle of his wofully shattered life.

Poe made no mystery of his affection for sympathetic women. Such lines as those "To Annie," a lady of Lowell, and the longer poem, "To Helen," strike the personal note with an unmistakable clearness. "Helen" was herself a maker of verse—Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, R. I.—and before she had actually met with Poe wrote and printed poetical addresses to him. In 1848 he made desperate efforts to marry her, and if her head had not remained as completely hers as her heart seems to have been his, she would doubtless have become Mrs. Poe. Griswold's story of their final interview was cruelly untrue, although it is evident that Poe's indulgence in his besetting sins at the very time and place when he should have been most himself put an end to his hopes of Mrs. Whitman. Apparently he was acting at the time upon the advice of Mrs. Shew to save himself by marriage. One is not surprised, therefore, to find him in 1849 ardently wooing a wealthy widow of Richmond, a Mrs. Shelton, with whom as Miss Sarah Elmira Royster he, as a boy, had had romantic dealings. One suspects that the romance was quite of the past, and the suspicion is borne out by a portion of a letter which Poe wrote from Richmond to Mrs. Clemm at Fordham, after he had secured the promise of Mrs. Shelton's prosperous hand:

"And now, dear Muddy, there is one thing I wish you to pay particular attention to. I told Elmira when I first came here that I had one of the pencil-sketches of her that I took a long while ago in Richmond, and I told her that I would write to you about it. So when you write just copy the following words in your letter: 'I have looked again for the pencil-sketch of Mrs. S., but cannot find it anywhere. I took down all the books and shook them one by one, and, unless Eliza White has it, I do not [know] what has become of it. She was looking at it the last time I saw it. The one you spoilt with Indian ink ought to be somewhere about the house. I will do my best to find it.'"

One would gladly dispense with the discovery of such letters as this one, written in the last month of Poe's life. It is needless to comment upon it or the state of unhealth which it reveals. It is for the psychologist to confer with the physiologist and divide the blame for Poe's condition between his spirit and his body. He himself once wrote to a friend: "You will find yourself puzzled in judging me by ordinary motives." And if he had been any one else, a fortunate ending to the Richmond visit could almost surely have been predicted. He was lionised by old and new friends. The two lectures which he gave were greatly successful. He was full of hope for the success of his long-desired magazine, *The Stylus*. Yet twice



THE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM, N. Y. (NOW OWNED BY THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY), WHERE POE'S WIFE DIED, IN JANUARY, 1847, AND WHERE HE WROTE "EUREKA."

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during the visit he yielded to his passion for liquor, and the doctors told him that if he did so but once again it would kill him. With this knowledge he started for the North to arrange some business matters preliminary to his marriage. It is difficult to trace his footsteps with certainty from the time he left Richmond, on Sunday night, September 30th, 1849, until Wednesday afternoon, when he was found helpless in a Baltimore polling booth, which was also a drinking-place. As the day happened to be that of election, the supposition is that he had been seized by politicians and made to vote at many polls. When his friends found him, he was taken to the Washington Hospital, where, after four days of delirium, he died on Sunday, October 8th, saying, "Lord, help my poor soul." The doctor who attended him has within recent years published his opinion that Poe was drugged and not intoxicated when he was brought to the hospital; and so with contradictions, as at the beginning, his life ended.

Hardly anything can be said of Poe, even of his personal appearance, which somebody will not stand ready to contradict. As of the man, so of his work; the differences of the opinion it has excited are as wide as the world. To Emerson he was merely the "jingle-man," and Emerson's was not an isolated belief. For some of our French and English kinsmen, as for some of us at home, his genius stands virtually supreme in American letters. It has been possible here to glance merely at some of the conspicuous events of his ill-controlled life. An infinite deal, perhaps of equal interest, has been omitted. Many pages would be needed to discuss to any purpose his familiar definition of poetry as the "rhythmical creation of beauty," his insistence, in and out of season, that long poems do not exist, the large significance of his work in criticism, and the unique place to which his poetry of magical music and his fiction of a power almost superhuman entitle him. Happily there is no dearth of suggestive comment upon all these themes. Nearly all we know and all we need to know about them is gathered into the biography by Mr. Woodberry, and the complete edition of Poe which he and Mr. E. C. Stedman have recently prepared.

When one has read whatever there is to be said about the man and his work, and has done a little thinking for one's self, a few considerations make themselves reasonably clear. In the first place, one abandons the foolish thought of "what might have been." In his life of the spirit Poe was a dweller in misty borderlands; in the flesh he was a highly developed Bohemian in the midst of respectability. If he had been something else, in either regard, he simply would not have been Poe, and the different works of a different man would have been his contribution to literature. He must be taken as he was, and so taken, with all his imperfections on his head, he is conspicuously of those who make us feel the rigour of the line that is drawn between talent and genius. With a reasonable confidence we place him on the higher side of the line, and our confidence need go little further. It was one of the dicta of Poe's ambitious philosophical work, "Eureka," that as man cannot conceive of a being superior to himself, man is therefore God; and we feel ourselves at this point fortunate in disagreeing with such a dictum; for judgment is an attribute of deity. As we are merely human, the necessity for rendering final verdicts upon such fellow-beings as Edgar Allan Poe is happily spared us.

*M. A. De Wolfe Howe.*

*The subjects of the next paper in the series of "American Bookmen" will be "Willis, Halleck and Drake." It will appear in the June number.*

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## POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

Here, where to pinching penury the gloom
Of Death was wedded, came Immortal Love,
And Genius, with all the pomp thereof,
To consecrate a temple and a tomb.

*John B. Tabb.*

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# TWO ODES OF KEATS'S.

## I.

### On a Grecian Urn.

One of the last achievements of the educated human mind is to attain to a true and just independence of judgment as to literary values. I do not flatter myself that I have thus attained. Indeed, I think I feel less and less sure of my own independence every year that I live. But it certainly is a good ambition, that of being able to form a sound critical estimate of a given literary product without having been influenced in forming it by prepossessions due either to old prescription or to the current prevailing convention on the subject. For me at least Dr. Johnson's exhortation is timely yet: "We must free our *minds* from cant."

I have been trying to do this with reference to two in particular of Keats's poems, and the result arrived at I am going respectfully to submit to the judgment of the readers of The Bookman. In the case of one of these two poems I shall go against the opinion that seems to be general. I must needs be frank; but can I be sufficiently frank without affronting some whom I should be very sorry to affront? Those who admire Keats are likely to admire him passionately. I address myself to those (a not numerous class) among lovers of letters who are able to detach themselves enough from a given object of admiration in literature to take a fresh and a disinterested view of that object, and inquire dispassionately whether perhaps their admiration has not been at some points excessive, or at some points too little discriminating. I yield to no one in enjoyment and in applause of Keats where Keats is at his best; but I find great difference between Keats and Keats, and it is of one signal example of such difference that I am now freely to speak.

In short, then, and abruptly, Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," being not indeed free from fault, even serious fault, seems to me to be of the most exquisite quality both in feeling and in expression; while the "Ode to a Nightingale," despite some few particular felicities in it of fancy and of phrase which the poet has nowhere in their kind surpassed, seems to me to be, as a whole, not only not a fine poem, but on the contrary an extraordinarily unworthy treatment of its theme. I proceed to show my reasons for this comparative estimate differencing so widely poems that I now and again see paired as natural and unquestionable peers in poetic value. I limit myself in the present paper to the poem that I delight to praise.

I could hardly overstate my sense of the grace, the charm, of certain stanzas, especially of some parts of certain stanzas in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." To say that the English poet has read into the shape and the ornamentation of the urn a life, a beauty, a pathos of beauty, beyond the thought of the Grecian artist himself, would imperfectly represent my appreciation of Keats's achievement in this poem. The poem, I doubt not, is a great deal more beautiful than the urn that inspired it. Keats, as I guess, has not so much discovered the beauty of what he sings as created that beauty—to reveal it.

To interpret the urn and the artistic language inscribed on it, as an expression of Greek delight in life and beauty, and to set this charming ideal in subtly suggested pathetic contrast with the reality which we all know in the world of human experience—the imaginative ever-during perfection of that, over against the flawed and fleeting character of this—such I take to be the true idea and motive of the poem. The first two stanzas give us the key, set the tone; which is charmingly left lingering in the ear in the last line of the second stanza:

"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair."

What beauty, what delicate and cheerful pathos of beauty, in that exquisite line! The finely restrained mere suggestion of the contrast between what the poet sees on the urn and what is true in real life is here a far better effect, both of beauty and of pathos, than the broad-

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er statement at the close of the next stanza :

" All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue."

These lines, indeed, enforce on the suggested opposite to what the poet reads in the legend of the urn, an emphasis which is excessive, which partly breaks the very spell that the poem was busy in weaving, a spell of cheerful, even joyous, imaginative interpretation—which, in short, impairs the harmony of tone in the ode. This is saying nothing of the insoluble problem presented in that combination (and that order) of adjectives, " high sorrowful and cloyed." " High-sorrowful" is Forman's reading, which changes, but does not relieve, the difficulty of the sense. If the poet had written instead something in the spirit of this :

" All chance of change from perfect far above,
Never with sweet fruition to be cloyed,
Never with bitter disappointment stung,"

he would have avoided the jar in tone, and have kept closer to his real theme. It must, in strictness of criticism, be added that this whole stanza too nearly repeats the thought of the stanza preceding. There is, in fact, scarcely anything in this that was not in that. I am obliged, besides, to confess that in reading it I never escape a feeling that the word " happy" is somewhat overworked.

Of course I am not fatuous enough to imagine that any proposed replacement of the poet's own lines will have other effect on the devout Keats-lover than to shock and repel. But the tentatives I submit are by no means submitted as replacements, but only as indications, presented in the briefest possible form, of what the poet himself might have done, and should have done, in order to preserve harmony of tone in his poem. They are presented to the critical and not to the simply admiring mind. Use and wont will naturally work in favour of the familiar original lines in each case ; and any disturbance of what has been hitherto accepted will inevitably at first be unwelcome. One thing further. My objection here raised to the jarring note of egoistic despondency, is not to be taken as a general objection to Keats's characteristic tendency to morbidness. Keats's very morbidness is dear to many because it is Keats's. But that trait I do not now bring into question. My point is, that in the present poem Keats fixed for himself in the two opening stanzas a certain tone—it happened to be a cheerful tone, truly and fitly Greek—which he ought to have maintained throughout, and which for the most part he did maintain throughout, but which at certain points he violated, to the harm of his poem.

The first seven lines of the next stanza are exquisite in feeling, in fancy, and in phrase. There is nothing whatever in them to disturb at all that sense of perfection which is a condition of the highest delight in poetry—nothing, unless it be the imperfect rhyme between " priest" and " drest." The frugal use of adjectives and the absolute felicity in choice of them—" *green* altar," " *mysterious* priest," " *silken* flanks," " *little* town," " *peaceful* citadel," " *pious* morn" —how altogether admirable ! And then the quiet tone of them all—so fit, and so unlike Keats, when Keats is at his—least happy ! What inimitable picturesqueness in these two lines :

" Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest."

So far in this stanza (for we will refuse to regret the occurrence in it of that word " all") we meet magical perfection of beauty ; but we come to the closing lines and encounter a recurrence of the discordant over-emphasis of unhappy suggestion :

" Ah ! little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return."

This unexpected (not to say ungenuine) melancholy breaks once more the harmony of tone in the poem. The idea of " desolation" does not belong at all to the " emptying" on some " pious morn" of a " little town" for holiday and festival. The sad note, therefore, struck in the word " desolate" is here a false one. To have written :

" Thrice happy little town, for evermore
It shall with all thy pleasant streets be well,
Nor war nor waste can leave thy homes forlorn,"

would sufficiently have suggested the heightening contrast underlying, and at

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the same time have left the harmony of cheerful tone undisturbed. Or, if one would not mind the imperfect rhyme—Keats's own—something in the tenor of this might do :

" Brave little town, thou shalt for evermore
For these keep open welcome guarded well,
Expecting still the happy home-return !"

But the chief artistic fault of this charming poem lies exactly at the point at which its chief excellence should be found, and that is the conclusion :

" Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to a man, to whom thou say'st,
' Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

What is the message intended by the poet from the urn to man ? Simply that beauty is truth and that truth is beauty ? The quotation-marks seem to answer yes. (I follow the text given by Lowell in his Keats volume in " The British Poets." Mr. Forman also, in his elaborate four-volume edition of Keats's works complete, gives the same punctuation, although he acknowledges in a note the doubt and difficulty in the case.) If so, then we have the poet turning suddenly from his apostrophe to the urn, which has thus far constituted the ode, and addressing an audience of his fellow-men to tell them that that is all they know on earth, and all they need to know—an abrupt change of direction for the poem, which is certainly not good art, whatever may be the value of the urn's message, and whatever the wisdom of the poet's comment appended. If, on the other hand, the quotation-marks ought to embrace the whole of the last two lines, and thus to incorporate what were otherwise the poet's comment into the text itself of the urn's message, then we have the urn delivering to man a weighty sentence, as of ultimate wisdom not before discerned by him, and accompanying that sentence with an implicit intimation that he already knew the lesson inculcated.

In either way the conclusion is infelicitous—this without reference to question as to the validity and the value of the thought involved ; also without reference to question as to the fitness of attributing such a message to the urn. But the idea of " truth" seems to me to be, at this point, foisted in with violence. Of the two ideas named, " beauty," according to the spirit of the poem in its whole tenor from the beginning up to the present point, is the only idea naturally suggested. A paradox and a falsity like " Beauty is truth, truth beauty," and especially the absurdity added, that such a paradox is all that men need to know on earth, may answer, and it does very well answer, to reveal the immature and excessive passion of the poet for mere beauty ; but as a maxim to live by, or to write, to judge, or to enjoy poetry by, it is surely a delusion. For my own part, I should much more believingly have listened to the lovely urn telling us, for example, " Beauty is joy ;" and then the poet might have commented so as to make the last two lines read :

" ' Beauty is joy '—as were that wisdom all
We needed, in so sad a world, to know !"

Still better, perhaps, it might be to let the message have the whole of the rest of the poem, and, not coming so near to duplication of " A thing of beauty is a joy forever," say :

" Possessing beauty, thou possessest all ;
Rest at this goal, nor farther seek to go."

If one wished to get rid of the overstrong word " woe," and at the same time of the awkward discord of tenses involved in " shalt remain" and " say'st," a change like this, affecting two more lines, might serve :

" Age after age, unchangeably serene,
Thou smilest sweet rebuke to our unrest,
Preaching this wisdom with thy cheerful mien:
' Possessing beauty thou possessest all ;
Pause at that goal nor farther push thy quest.' "

Some closing, at any rate, that kept to the idea of " beauty" apart from the idea of " truth" would have been fitter to the character of the urn as described, would have been more in harmony with the general spirit of the ode, and would, besides, have proposed a less indigestible paradox for the nurture of our minds.

I have by no means exhausted either what appear to me the faults—I should need to have noted the distasteful first line of the ode—or what appear to me the beauties of this loveliest of all the poems of Keats. What I have to say of the contrasted " Ode to a Nightingale" may be reserved for a separate paper.

*William C. Wilkinson.*

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# PEREZ GALDÓS IN THE SPANISH ACADEMY.

On February 7th last there took place in Madrid an event which has been looked forward to by the literary world of Spain with no little interest. The

BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS.

central figure was Benito Perez Galdós, best known as the author of the *Episodios Nacionales*. The long list of books by which he has appealed, not only to the patriotic sentiments of his own country, but to general interest in the world outside, were written rapidly—some of them taking not more than a few weeks—and occupy a place in Spanish literature akin to that of Dumas in French, although he has been successively compared to Erckmann-Chatrian, Balzac, and Zola.

That the serious address of Perez Galdós on that occasion should have lacked the force and interest which was expected of it is puzzling some people in Madrid. Discussions as to the place of Galdós in modern literature having been settled to that author's credit some time ago, it is to many a surprise that the writer of *Leon Roch* should in any way lower that reputation by a failure to sustain it on a public occasion which to many is the most important event of the author's life—an event coming at the age of fifty-two to set a crown to a life's work, by the official recognition of those only from whom recognition was to be had.

But it may be questioned whether the introduction to an Academy is an occasion calculated to bring forth the best power of any writer. The records of the Academy preserve but few names whose entrance, like that of Sellés, was the occasion of a great literary success. The author is not here facing the public which he long ago won over and to which he can talk as a friend. He is facing in a measure the very last group of all to recognise him. He is working, not to accomplish some brilliant end, but to speak after the end has been attained. He is at liberty to choose his subject, but not to step outside the bounds of fixed custom. In most instances he is speaking (or reading) on lines utterly unused to him, and he already begins to feel the conservative influence of a recognised body—and in fact that he is there only to thank that body.

"Señor Galdós has not the academic spirit," says a critic of this occasion. Had he had that spirit nothing could have been more strange than the success he has achieved by such realistic pictures as we have so long had from him. The author of *Angel Guerra* was little likely to read learnedly to the august body. Señora Bazán would have performed the task far more creditably, or Pereda, or the Padre Coloma.

The subject of the discourse was "Modern Society as Novelistic Material," and it would seem that with such a subject something remarkable might have been produced. Aside, however, from a few opportune remarks on the middle classes, the discourse presented no new feature and rehearsed the novelistic difficulties and confusions of modern society often repeated elsewhere.

Theories as to the writing of the novel are scarcely new, but they have a perennial interest for a very large class of minds.

It is only of late, comparatively, that there has been anything like a general realisation of the facts that each novel must have its special class, and that those

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which have attained and do attain to the greatest popularity continually run along the old well-used channel of primitive passions and actions and a simple analysis of such. Whenever the whole or a part is specialistic and not general, imagination of a higher order is presupposed. And the great mass of men know the fact better than its shadow.

At a moment when the question of Cuba is occupying the minds of the entire Spanish nation, the admission of the popular author into the Academy may possibly have lost a little of its importance and have been sounded more faintly in café and club than was expected. Benito Perez Galdós is a name, however, so familiar to Spanish ears, and so many are the personal friends of the author, that the event must be considered as one marked in the history of the Academy ; and the entrance of Anatole France to a like body had perhaps rendered that interest more alive.

Galdós as a worker has been without rival. That series by which it is claimed he is to rank the Dumas of his time contains approximately 6000 pages, and was written in six years, 1879–85 ; and besides this, he has produced not a few other novels which have sold in numbers fit to gladden the heart of the publisher. His work has been called the Epopee of the Napoleonic Period in Spain. The first series of the *Episodios Nacionales* deals with the years between 1808 and the return of Ferdinand VII., a seething period when Spain was meeting new problems on a scale not known since the days of Charles V. The whole mass of the *Episodios* is a historical epoch treated in a brilliant and intense manner, and will remain, no doubt, the author's chief claim to fame.

The building of the Academy is well fitted for the purpose of a dignified reception such as this event proved. It stands not far from the Museum of the Prado on rising ground, and is thus in one of the quieter portions of the city. The building itself is new and its accommodations excellent.

Here, on the evening of Sunday, the novelist, after the reading of his own address, seated to the left, facing Menendez y Pelayo, heard the latter read a speech introducing him, which was continually interrupted by applause, and in which not only was ample praise given to himself and his work, but arguments levelled against those who had criticised him. The scene, as is usual in such cases, was extremely impressive. There were present many of the best known men of Spanish contemporary literature. On the stage at the end of the large room, on its raised platform and beneath its high canopy, presided the dignified Count of Cheste, former Marquis of Pezuela, the translator of *Jerusalem Delivered*, who began his career under the pseudonym of "Dalmiro," and whose verse has found perhaps more welcome within the literary class itself than in general. Years ago (1831), when the Spanish playwright Breton wrote his *Marcela*, it was openly asserted that the character of the misanthropic and feverish poet represented this Count of Cheste.

Beside Cheste at the table sat two others : the poet Nuñez de Arce, on the one hand, and on the other, Tamayo y Baus, whose *Virginia*, *Locura de Armor*, *La Rica Hembra*, *Bola de Nieve*, and others began for him a brilliant career. He has, however, written little for years. He was born in Madrid in 1820, and was of a family of actors and playwrights, and his natural tendency toward dramatic composition was accentuated by his environment. He entered the Academy June 12th, 1859.

Such were the three figures at the desk. To the right and left on the stage sat Valera, Savedra, Castelar, Catalina the dramatist, Balagner, the so-called Troubadour of Monserrat, Pidal, Fernandez y Gonzalez the novelist, Palacio, Echegaray, the Marquis of Pidal, Sellés, Liniers, Silvela and others, and in the body of the house a number of well-known men and women watched the proceedings.

The address of the learned Menendez y Pelayo, author of the *Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles*, *Historia de las Ideas Esteticas*, etc., was a serious consideration of the work of Galdós which he divided into three periods. The first that of the *Episodios Nacionales ;* the second when *Doña Perfecta*, *Gloria*, *Marianela*, and *Leon Roch* were produced ; the third beginning with *La Desheredada*. Menendez also discovered the promise of a distinct period in *Angel Guerra*—a period not, however, completed.

The address of Menendez y Pelayo could scarcely fail to present Galdós

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well to his new brethren. There is probably no one in Spain to-day who could treat more calmly and seriously a purely literary subject. The brilliant record of this man is familiar to every cultivated Spaniard. Born in Santander in 1856, he was, as a mere youth, famous as a student. His career to the point of obtaining the degree of doctor had been so remarkable that his native city sent him to examine and study in the chief libraries of Europe. In Italy, Belgium, France, and Portugal he collected numerous notes on the history of Spain, and finally obtained a Chair of Philosophy and Letters in the Central University, at the age of twenty-two. At the age of twenty-five he entered the Academy.

Perez Galdós was born in Las Palmas in the island of Grand Canary in the year 1845, and early developed talent both as an artist and writer, and a picture by him is said to have received a prize in an "Exposition" held at Santa Cruz de Tenerife in 1862. He came to Madrid in 1863 and was successively editor of *El Parlamento*, *La Nacion*, *El Debate*, the *Revista de España*, etc. His first novels, *El Andaz* and *La Fontane de Ors*, had little success at first, and it was not until he began the series, two years later, of the *Episodios* that his ability was discovered. *Trafalgar*, the first of these, had a decided success, and the continuance and elaboration of the theme soon fixed the reputation of the young author. The first "series" completed, a second of ten volumes was undertaken and rapidly produced. His novels of the so-called second and third period now followed, after which the prolific writer took to the stage and produced in rapid succession *Realidad* (March, 1892); *La Loca de la Casa*; *La de San Quintin*, *Los Condenados*, etc. But like many another, from Balzac down, he made no great success in his new field. He was also liberal deputy to the Cortes of Puerto Rico from 1886–90, and at present lives in Santander. Pereda the novelist of that north country has been his friend and intimate for years, and Pereda has, only a few days after his friend, been, like him, welcomed to the Academy.

*Archer M. Huntington.*

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## THE ADAPTABILITY OF PAPER.

Every writer is to some extent a critic of paper. He knows the difference between half-sized and sized, between the hard paper of business and the soft thick paper of ceremony. He knows that papers are made for different purposes, and that pen and ink and style of writing must also be adapted to the paper and the purpose. When he undertakes to control the printing of a pamphlet or a book, his experience with writing papers does not serve. He knows that hand-made paper is rated as the best, and that it is supposed to give distinction to a printed book. If he can afford to pay for it, he will do so; if not, he may try an imitation. Here he may make a great mistake. He may pay fifty or sixty cents a pound for his hand-made paper to find, when too late, that the printing would have been better on paper that cost but ten cents per pound. He does not consider the mechanical adaptability of paper to types and illustrations when he proposes to put fine woodcuts in outline or half-tone engravings upon dry papers of rough surfaces. He is surprised when told that he is asking for a mechanical impossibility. "Why? I have prints of great delicacy from etchings and line engravings that have been printed on the roughest paper. The hair lines are not thickened, and the perspective and shading are admirably maintained." It then becomes necessary to show that printing from types and illustrations in relief differs radically from printing from copper-plate. The two processes are as wide apart as the poles in theory as well as in practice.

By the copper-plate process every line that appears black in the print is engraved or etched below the surface of the plate. This engraved line, which may be no deeper than that made by a light scratch of the needle, when filled with ink is transferred unthickened to the paper. To do this the rough paper must have been previously made damp and limp, so that its fibres, when strained under impression, will dip or sag in the channel made by the engraver. As the ink is closely confined

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to this channel, impression does not thicken the line no matter how hard the impression may be. Impression is greatest on the surface of the plate; least on the engraved line.

In relief printing the printed line or type is the only part of the surface that receives impression. If this line is exposed, as it is in the pencil scrabble of a sketchy woodcut, or in the construction lines of an architectural drawing, it will receive, unless a proper prevention has been taken, as much pressure as the dense types that may surround it. The types may need a pressure of 25 pounds to the square inch; the exposed lines may not need 1 pound to the square inch. If the impression on the engraved line is made as strong as it is on the types, the line will begin to thicken after a dozen impressions. At the end of one thousand impressions it will be thick, muddy, and practically worn out. To preserve the delicacy of exposed lines in an illustration, impression must be made unequal, must be graduated in a nicely adjusted rising scale from 1 to 40 pounds to the square inch by means of the process known as "over-laying." The typographic process is obviously handicapped at the start, and this handicap is increased if a hand-made paper is selected.

A sheet of hand-made paper, or indeed any kind of rough-faced paper, when seen through a magnifying glass, shows a continuous series of elevations and depressions. The surface of a woodcut or process engraving is intended to be as smooth as a plate of polished metal. A sheet of rough-faced paper laid upon it or lightly impressed will touch it only at the top of each of these little elevations. The depressed surface of the paper will not touch the plate at all, and this is precisely the condition in which the paper meets the engraving when it has been coated with ink. If impression is adjusted so as to show delicacy of line, all the hair lines will be broken and crumbly; the middle tints will be mussy; the solid blacks will be gray and spotty. Strengthen the impression so that the lowest depressions in the paper shall meet the engraving, and you will find that the hair lines or delicate lines are three or four times as thick as was intended. All the fine work of the engraver has been spoiled. Why should we expect any other result? When the rough paper is impressed to its full depth below the surface of the type or the cut, it must lap up some of the ink that adheres to the shoulder of the lines. The rougher the paper, the worse the print.

Half-tone or process cuts are sometimes made by exposure to a screen or mesh of 150 or 200 lines to the square inch. A screen that contains 150 lines to the square inch necessarily has counters or intervals of white between that are much less than 150 to the square inch, for these lines are not the geometrical lines that have extension and no width; they do have a positive width. It follows that the interval of white space between lines is much less—in many cases not more than $\frac{1}{500}$ part of an inch. Now consider the effect produced upon the eye by the irradiation caused by this mesh of black and white minute squares, for squares they are when the lines are crossed. Consider also that the etching acids used to eat away the surface of the copper or zinc cannot be any greater in depth than the apparent width of the interval between the lines. It is usually much less; in no case can it be any more. The counter or the lowest depression in a fine half-tone plate is then about $\frac{1}{500}$ part of an inch below the surface. To the ordinary eye $\frac{1}{500}$ part of an inch is an unknown quantity, not to be discerned by ordinary eyesight, for it is not to be found on the ordinary graduated measuring stick. A ream of paper one inch thick that contains 480 sheets (a trifle thicker than tissue) is the most apposite illustration that can be presented of its tenuity. This is the average depth of the counters of the fine half-tone plate provided for fine book and magazine work. It cannot be printed properly unless it meets an extremely smooth paper. It is not possible to print half-tones upon rough paper.

What is true of hand-made and imitation hand-made paper applies but with diminished force, to good ordinary book papers, and even to many thin calendered book and writing papers. Let any one examine under an ordinary magnifying glass a sheet of the best ceremonial paper, that has been hot-pressed or rolled and calendered to the ultimate degree of compactness. Smooth as it may appear to sight and touch, it is full of minute little pits. It can be impressed on ordinary types and ordinary woodcuts, and show their fine

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lines with great sharpness and delicacy, but it will not show in print to best advantage all of the finest work of the photo-engraver. It is simply impossible for the paper-maker to comminute the fibres of linen, cotton, and wood in a fabric of paper that shall be as smooth as polished glass or metal.

To get an absolutely uniform surface, the paper after being made must be coated with a paste of white that fills up all the pits and is finally flattened by means of the calendering roller. It is only the well-made coated paper, with its hard, smooth, semi-metallic surface, that shows no pits below that surface. It is the only paper that perfectly meets at every point of its surface the equally flat surface of the photo-engraved plate. It is consequently the paper best adapted for the reproduction of the printing of photo-engravings and half-tone work, and this is the reason why it is so largely used, much as it may be disliked by the critical reader.

Fifty years ago the merit of paper to the reader was largely in its smoothness and glossiness. Paper-makers could not find adjectives enough to describe its shiny quality. Vellum wove, hot-pressed, satin-finished, and extra-calendered are but a few of the many words used to commend it to the buyer. That paper was best that shone like a polished mirror. Indeed the adjectives we now use to describe superior merit, not only in paper, but in other manufactures, are the words, splendid, brilliant, elegant, glossy, polished, etc. It was the rarity and the high price of this polished paper that gave it its attractive qualities. When paper-makers discovered a way of putting a high polish on very plain paper at a cost of not more than two or three cents a pound, polished paper lost its attraction. We now go to the other extreme—the paper that is rough has a higher merit.

The selection of rough hand-made or of imitation hand-made papers for type printing is not always wise. To get the solid masculine printing of the best books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the selection of hand-made paper is not enough. The paper must be wet down ; it must not merely meet the face of the type ; it must lap over the side of the type to give the boldness required. With the thin-faced and sharp-edged types we now use this effect is not always secured even when the paper has been dampened. All the conditions must be observed ; you must have not only the hand-made paper, but the old methods and the old types.

Not less important is a proper selection of hand-made paper, for there are as many kinds of hand-made paper as there are of cloth. Some persons will select a water-leaf (the unpressed sheet just couched on the felt) hand-made paper that is coarse, thick, yellowish, and exceedingly rough as to edges for a dainty book of poems or some equally pretty library trifle. It is hard to imagine anything in worse taste. It is a great mistake to suppose that the famous early printers preferred, or even largely used, an exceedingly coarse paper. The best books of Aldus and of the Stephens, to my notion, are rather below than above the average standard of thickness—thin, strong, and sometimes really smooth. They are dainty books to hold in the hand ; it is a pleasure to touch and caress their leaves. How different the feeling of the paper in their books from that of the sand-paper-like finish of much of the modern hand-made paper !

This contrast might be pursued still further in other details of book-making. In our efforts to be sincere and simple, we may become coarse and clownish. We are not improving on sixteenth-century models when we use buckram and rough canvas instead of smooth vellum for the covers of feminine books ; nor do we make them more attractive by giving an extra inch of white margin all around the page, when that margin can be of no possible value ; nor do we make title-pages or headings "artistic" when we chop up the words as a butcher does soup bones, without regard to syllables or articulation. Is it good sense and good taste to abandon the styles of letter-arrangement made by Pickering and the Whittinghams, and imitate the lettering on mediæval crocks and village tombstones ?

Should not the paper and the general appearance of a book conform to the same general rule that controls the apparel of a man ? What is appropriate at one time and place is not at another. A hand-made Irish frieze or a Mackintosh is excellent stuff for a traveller or hunter, but is it good for an evening party ?

*Theodore L. De Vinne.*

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# IN KEDAR'S TENTS.*

By Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Sowers."

## CHAPTER VII.

### IN A MOORISH GARDEN.

"When love is not a blasphemy, it is a religion."

There is, perhaps, a subtle significance in the fact that the greatest, the cruelest, the most barbarous civil war of modern days, if not of all time, has owed its outbreak and its long continuance to the influence of a woman. When Ferdinand VII. of Spain died in 1833, after a reign broken and disturbed by the passage of that human cyclone, Napoleon the Great, he bequeathed his kingdom, in defiance of the Salic Law, to his daughter Isabella. Ferdinand's brother Carlos, however, claimed the throne, under the very just contention that the Salic Law, by which women were excluded from the heritage of the crown, had never been legally abrogated.

This was the spark that fell in a tinder made up of ambition, unscrupulousness, cruelty, bloodthirstiness, self-seeking, and jealousy—the morale, in a word, of the Spain of sixty years ago. Some sided with the Queen Regent Christina and rallied round the child-queen, because they saw that that way lay glory and promotion. Others flocked to the standard of Don Carlos, because they were poor and of no influence at court. The Church, as a whole, raised its whispering voice for the Pretender; for the rest, patriotism was nowhere, and ambition on every side.

"For five years we have fought the Carlists, hunger, privation, and the politicians at Madrid! And the holy saints only know which has been the worst enemy," said General Vincente to Conyngham, when explaining the above related details.

And, indeed, the story of this war reads like a romance, for there came from neutral countries foreign legions, as in the olden days. From England an army of ten thousand mercenaries landed in Spain, prepared to fight for the cause of Queen Christina, and very modestly estimating the worth of their services at the sum of thirteen pence a diem. After all, the value of a man's life is but the price of his daily hire.

"We did not pay them much," said General Vincente, with a deprecating little smile, "but they did not fight much." Their pay was generally in arrears, and they were usually in the rear as well. What will you, my dear Conyngham; you are a commercial people, you keep good soldiers in the shop window, and when a buyer comes you serve him with second-class goods from behind the counter."

He beamed on Conyngham with a pleasant air of benign connivance in a very legitimate commercial transaction.

This is no time or place to go into the history of the English legion in Spain, which, indeed, had quitted that country before Conyngham landed there, horrified by the barbarities of a cruel war, where prisoners received no quarter, and the soldiers on either side were left without pay or rations. In a half-hearted manner England went to the assistance of the Queen Regent of Spain, and one error in statesmanship led to many. It is always a mistake to strike gently.

"This country," said General Vincente, in his suavest manner, "owes much to yours, my dear Conyngham; but it would have been better for us both had we owed you a little more."

During the five years prior to Conyngham's arrival at Ronda the war had raged with unabated fury, swaying from the West to East Coast, as fortune smiled or frowned on the Carlist cause. At one time it almost appeared certain that the Christina forces were unable to stem the rising tide, which bade fair to spread over all Spain, so unfortunate were their generals, so futile the best endeavours of the bravest and most patient soldiers. General Vincente was not alone in his conviction that had the gallant Carlist leader Zumalacarreguy lived, he might have carried all before him. But this great leader at the height

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of his fame, beloved by all his soldiers, worshipped by his subordinate officers, died suddenly by poison, as it was whispered, the victim of jealousy and ambition. Almost at once there arose one in the east of Spain, as obscure in birth as unknown to fame, who flashed suddenly to the zenith of military glory, the brutal, wonderful Cabrera. The name to this day is a household word in Catalonia, while the eyes of a few old men still living, who fought with or against him, flash in the light of other days at the mere mention of it.

Among the many leaders who had attempted in vain to overcome by skill and patriotism the thousand difficulties placed in their way by successive, unstable, insincere Ministers of War, General Vincente occupied an honoured place. This mild-mannered tactician enjoyed the enviable reputation of being alike inconquerable and incorruptible. His smiling presence on the battlefield was in itself worth half a dozen battalions, while at Madrid the dishonest politicians, who through these years of Spain's great trial systematically bartered their honour for immediate gain, dreaded and respected him.

During the days that followed his arrival at Ronda and release from the prison there, Frederick Conyngham learnt much from his host and little of him, for General Vincente had that in him without which no leader, no great man in any walk of life, can well dispense with—an unsoundable depth.

Conyngham learnt also that the human heart is capable of rising at one bound above difficulties of race or custom, creed and spoken language. He walked with Estella in that quiet garden between high walls on the trim Moorish paths, and often the murmur of the running water, which ever graced the Moslem palaces, was the only break upon their silence; for this thing had come into the Englishman's life suddenly, leaving him dazed and uncertain. Estella, on the other hand, had a quiet *savoir-faire* that sat strangely on her young face. She was only nineteen, and yet had a certain air of authority, handed down to her from two great races of noble men and women.

"Do all your countrymen take life thus gaily?" she asked Conyngham one day. "Surely it is a more serious affair than you think it."

"I have never found it very serious, señorita," he answered. "There is usually a smile in human affairs if one takes the trouble to look for it."

"Have you always found it so?"

He did not answer at once, pausing to lift the branch of a mimosa-tree that hung in yellow profusion across the pathway.

"Yes, señorita, I think so," he answered at length slowly. There was a sense of eternal restfulness in this old Moorish garden, which acted as a brake on the thoughts, and made conversation halt and drag in an Oriental way that Europeans rarely understand.

"And yet you say you remember your father's death?"

"He made a joke to the doctor, señorita, and was not afraid."

Estella smiled in a queer way, and then looked grave again.

"And you have always been poor, you say—sometimes almost starving?"

"Yes; always poor, deadly poor, señorita," answered Conyngham with a gay laugh. "And since I have been on my own resources frequently, well—very hungry! The appetite has been large and the resources have been small. But when I get into the Spanish army they will, no doubt, make me a general, and all will be well."

He laughed again and slipped his hand into his jacket-pocket.

"See here," he said; "your father's recommendation to General Espartero in a confidential letter."

But the envelope he produced was that pink one, which the man called Larralde had given him at Algeciras.

"No; it is not that," he said, searching in another pocket. "Ah! here it is, addressed to General Espartero, Duke of Vittoria."

He showed her the superscription, which she read with a little inclination of the head, as if in salutation of the great name written there, for the greatest names are those that men have made for themselves. Conyngham replaced the two letters in his pocket, and almost immediately asked:

"Do you know any one called Barenna in Ronda, señorita?" thereby proving that General Espartero would do ill to give him an appointment requiring even the earliest rudiments of diplomacy.

"Julia Barenna is my cousin. Her

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mother was my mother's sister. Do you know them, Señor Conyngham ?"

"Oh, no," answered Conyngham, truthfully enough. "I met a man who knows them. Do they live in Ronda ?"

"No ; their house is on the Cordova road, about half a league from the Customs Station."

Estella was not by nature curious, and asked no questions. There were many who knew the Barennas that would fain have been able to claim acquaintance with General Vincente and his daughter, but could not do so, for the Captain-General moved in a circle not far removed from the Queen Regent herself, and mixed but little in the society of Ronda, where for the time being he held a command.

Conyngham required no further information, and in a few moments dismissed the letter from his mind. Events seemed for him to have moved rapidly within the last few days, and the world of roadside inns and casual acquaintance, into which he had stepped on his arrival in Spain, was quite another from that in which Estella moved at Ronda.

"I must set out for Madrid in a few days at the latest," he said, a few minutes afterward ; "but I shall go against my will, because you tell me that you and your father will not be coming North until the spring."

Estella shook her head with a little laugh. This man was different from the punctilious aides-de-camp and others who had hitherto begged most respectfully to notify their admiration.

"And three days ago you did not know of our existence," she said.

"In three days a man may be dead of an illness of which he ignored the existence, señorita ; in three days a man's life may be made miserable or happy—perhaps in three minutes."

And she looked straight in front of her in order to avoid his eyes.

"Yours will always be happy, I think," she said, "because you never seem to go below the surface, and on the surface life is happy enough."

He made some light answer, and they walked on beneath the orange-trees, talking of these and other matters, which lose all meaning when set down on paper, indulging in those dangerous generalities which sound so safe, and in reality narrow down to a little world of two.

They were thus engaged when the servant came to announce that the horse, which the general had placed at Conyngham's disposal, was at the door in accordance with the Englishman's own order. He went away sorrowfully enough, only half consoled by the information that Estella was about to attend a service at the Church of Santa Maria, and could not have stayed longer in the garden.

The hour of the siesta was scarce over, and as Conyngham rode through the cleanly streets of the ancient town more than one roused himself from the shadow of a doorway to see him pass. There are few older towns in Andalusia than Ronda, and scarce anywhere the habits of the Moors are so closely followed. The streets are clean, the houses whitewashed within and without. The trappings of the mules and much of the costume of the people are Oriental in texture and brilliancy.

Conyngham asked a passer-by to indicate the way to the Cordova road, and the polite Spaniard turned and walked by his stirrup until a mistake was no longer possible.

"It is not the most beautiful approach to Ronda," said this garrulous person, "but well enough in the summer, when the flowers are in bloom and the vineyards green. The road is straight and dusty until one arrives at the possession of the Señora Barenna, a light road to the right leading up into the mountain. One can perceive the house—oh, yes—upon the hillside, once beautiful, but now old and decayed. Mistake is now impossible. It is a straight way. I wish you a good journey."

Conyngham rode on, vaguely turning over in his mind a half-matured plan of effecting a seemingly accidental entry to the house of Señora Barenna, in the hope of meeting that lady's daughter in the garden or grounds. Once outside the walls of the town he found the country open and bare, consisting of brown hills, of which the lower slopes were dotted with evergreen oaks. The road soon traversed a village which seemed to be half deserted, for men and women alike were working in the fields. On the balcony of the best house a branch of palm bound against the ironwork balustrade indicated the dwelling of the priest, and the form of that village

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despot was dimly discernible in the darkened room behind. Beyond the village Conyngham turned his horse's head toward the mountain, his mind preoccupied with a Machiavellian scheme of losing his way in this neighbourhood. Through the evergreen oak and olive groves he could perceive the roof of an old, gray house, which had once been a mere hacienda or semi-fortified farm.

Conyngham did not propose to go direct to Señora Barenna's house, but described a semicircle, mounting from terrace to terrace on his sure-footed horse.

When at length he came in sight of the high gateway, where the ten-foot oaken gates still swung, he perceived some one approaching the exit. On closer inspection he saw that this was a priest, and on nearing him recognised the Padre Concha, whose acquaintance he had made at the hotel of the Marina at Algeciras.

The recognition was mutual, for the priest raised his shabby old hat with a tender care for the insecurity of its brim.

"A lucky meeting, Señor Englishman," he said. "Who would have expected to see you here?"

"I have lost my way."

"Ah!" And the grim face relaxed into a smile. "Lost your way?"

"Yes."

"Then it is lucky that I have met you. It is so easy to lose one's way when one is young."

He raised his hand to the horse's bridle.

"You are most certainly going in the wrong direction," he said. "I will lead you right."

It was said and done so quietly that Conyngham had found no word to say before his horse was moving in the opposite direction.

"This is surely one of General Vincente's horses," said the priest. "We have few such barbs in Ronda. He always rides a good horse, that Miguel Vincente."

"Yes, it is one of his horses. Then you know the general?"

"We were boys together," answered the padre, "and there were some who said that he should have been the priest and I the soldier."

The old man gave a little laugh.

"He has prospered, however, if I have not. A great man, my dear Miguel; and they say that his pay is duly handed to him. My own, my princely twenty pounds a year, is overdue. I am happy enough, however, and have a good house. You noticed it, perhaps, as you passed through the village—a branch of palm against the rail of the balcony—my sign, you understand. The innkeeper next door displays a branch of pine, which, I notice, is more attractive. Every man his day. One does not catch rabbits with a dead ferret. That is the church. Will you see it? No! Well, some other day. I will guide you through the village. The walk will give me appetite which I sometimes require, for my cook is one whose husband has left her."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE LOVE-LETTER.

"I must mix myself with action lest I wither by despair."

"No one," Conyngham heard a voice exclaiming, as he went into the garden on returning from his fruitless ride—"no one knows what I have suffered."

He paused in the dark doorway, not wishing to intrude upon Estella and her visitors, for he perceived the forms of three ladies seated within a miniature jungle of bamboo, which grew in feathery luxuriance around a fountain. It was not difficult to identify the voice as that of the eldest lady, who was stout and spoke in deep, almost manly tones. So far as he was able to judge, the suffering mentioned had left but small record on its victim's outward appearance.

"Old girl seems to have stood it well," commented the Englishman in his mind.

"Never again, my dear Estella, do I leave Ronda; except, indeed, for Toledo, where, of course, we shall go in the summer if this terrible Don Carlos is really driven from the country. Ah! but what suffering! My mind is never at ease. I expect to wake up at night and hear that Julia is being murdered in her bed. For me it does not matter; my life is not so gay that it will cost me much to part from it. No one would molest an old woman, you think? Well, that may be so. But I know all the anxiety, for I was once beautiful. Ah! more beautiful than you or Julia;

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and my hands and feet—have you ever noticed my foot, Estella? Even now . . . "

And a sonorous sigh completed the sentence.

Conyngham stepped out of the doorway, the clank of his spurred heel on the marble pavement causing the sigh to break off in a little scream. He had caught the name of Julia, and hastily concluded that these ladies must be no other than Madame Barenna and her daughter. In the little bamboo grove he found the elder lady lying back in her chair, which creaked ominously, and asking in a faint voice whether he was Don Carlos.

"No," answered Estella, with a momentary twinkle in her grave, dark eyes; "this is Mr. Conyngham. My aunt, Señora Barenna, and my cousin Julia."

The ladies bowed.

"You must excuse me," said Madame Barenna volubly; "but your approach was so sudden. I am a great sufferer—my nerves, you know. But young people do not understand."

And she sighed heavily, with a side glance at her daughter, who did not even appear to be trying to do so. Julia Barenna was darker than her cousin, quicker in manner, with an air of worldly capability which Estella lacked. Her eyes were quick and restless, her face less beautiful, but expressive of a great intelligence, which if brought to bear upon men in the form of coquetry was likely to be infinitely dangerous.

"It is always best to approach my mother with caution," she said, with a restless movement of her hands. This was not a woman at her ease in the world or at peace with it. She laughed as she spoke, but her eyes were grave even while her lips smiled, and watched the Englishman's face with an air almost of anxiety. There are some faces that seem to be watching and waiting. Julia Barenna's had such a look.

"Conyngham," said Madame Barenna reflectively. "Surely I have heard that name before. You are not the Englishman with whom Father Concha is so angry, who sells forbidden books—the Bible, it is said."

"No, señora," answered Conyngham, with perfect gravity; "I have nothing to sell."

He laughed suddenly, and looked at the elder lady with that air of good-humour which won for him more friends than he ever wanted, for this Irishman had a ray of sunshine in his heart which shone upon his path through life, and made that uneven way easier for his feet. He glanced at Julia, and saw in her eyes the look of expectancy which was in reality always there. The thought flashed through his mind that by some means, or, perhaps feminine intuition beyond his comprehension, she knew that he possessed the letter addressed to her, and was eagerly awaiting it. This letter seemed to have been gaining in importance the longer he carried it, and this opportunity of giving it to her came at the right moment. He remembered Larralde's words concerning the person to whom the missive was addressed, and the high-flown sentiments of that somewhat theatrical gentleman became in some degree justified. Julia Barenna was a woman who might well awaken a passionate love. Conyngham realised this, as from a distance, while Julia's mother spoke of some trivial matter of the moment to unheeding ears. That distance seemed now to exist between him and all women. It had come suddenly, and one glance of Estella's eyes had called it into existence.

"Yes," Señora Barenna was saying, "Father Concha is very angry with the English. What a terrible man! You do not know him, Señor Conyngham?"

"I think I have met him, señora."

"Ah! but you have never seen him angry. You have never confessed to him! A little, little sin, no longer than the eye of a fly—a little bite of a calf's sweetbread on Friday in mere forgetfulness—and, Sancta Maria, what a penance is required! What suffering! It is a purgatory to have such a confessor."

"Surely madame can have no sins," said Conyngham pleasantly.

"Not now," said Señora Barenna, with a deep sigh. "When I was young it was different."

And the memory of her sinful days almost moved her to tears. She glanced at Conyngham with a tragic air of mutual understanding, as if drawing a veil over that blissful past in the presence of Julia and Estella. "Ask me another time," that glance seemed to say.

"Yes," the lady continued; "Father Concha is very angry with the English.

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Firstly, because of these Bibles. Blessed Heaven, what does it matter! No one can read them except the priests, and they do not want to do so. Secondly, because the English have helped to overthrow Don Carlos—"

"You will have a penance," interrupted Miss Julia Barenna quietly, "from Father Concha for talking politics."

"But how will he know?" asked Señora Barenna sharply, and the two young ladies laughed.

Señora Barenna looked from one to the other and shrugged her shoulders. Like many women, she was a strange mixture of foolishness and worldly wisdom. She adjusted her mantilla and mutely appealed to heaven with a glance of her upturned eyes.

Conyngham, who was no diplomatist nor possessed any skill in concealing his thoughts, looked with some interest at Julia Barenna, and Estella watched him.

"Julia is right," Señora Barenna was saying, though nobody heeded her. "One must not talk nor even think politics in this country. You are no politician, I trust, Señor Conyngham. Señor Conyngham, I ask you, you are no politician?"

"No, señora," replied Conyngham hastily—"no; and if I were, I should never understand Spanish politics."

"Father Concha says that Spanish politics are the same as those of any other country—each man for himself," said Julia, with a bitter laugh.

"And he is, no doubt, right."

"Do you really think so?" asked Julia Barenna, with more earnestness than the question would seem to require. "Are there not true patriots who sacrifice all—not only their friends, but themselves—to the cause of their country?"

"Without the hope of reward?"

"Yes."

"There may be, señorita, a few," answered Conyngham with a laugh; "but not in my country. They must all be in Spain."

She smiled and shook her head in doubt, but it was a worn smile.

The Englishman turned away and looked through the trees. He was wondering how he could get speech with Julia alone for a moment.

"You are admiring the garden," said that young lady, and this time he knew that there had in reality been that meaning in her eyes which he had imagined to be there.

"Yes, señorita; I think it must be the most beautiful garden in the world."

He turned as he spoke and looked at Estella, who met his glance quietly. Her repose of manner struck him afresh. Here was a woman having that air of decision which exacts respect alike from men and women. Seen thus with the more vivacious Julia at her side, Estella gained suddenly in moral strength and depth, suggesting a hidden fire in contrast to a flickering will-o'-the-wisp blown hither and thither on every zephyr. Yet Julia Barenna would pass anywhere as a woman of will and purpose.

Julia had risen, and was moving toward the exit of the little grove in which they found themselves. Conyngham had never been seated.

"Are the violets in bloom, Estella? I must see them," said the visitor. "We have none at home, where all is dry and parched."

"So bad for the nerves—what suffering!—such a dry soil that one cannot sleep at night," murmured Madame Barenna, preparing to rise from her seat.

Julia and Conyngham naturally led the way. The paths winding in and out among the palms and pepper-trees were of a width that allowed two to walk abreast.

"Señorita, I have a letter for you."

"Not yet; wait."

Señora Barenna was chattering in her deep, husky tones immediately behind them. Julia turned and looked up at the windows of the house, which commanded a full view of the garden. The dwelling-rooms were, as usual, upon the first floor, and the windows were lightly barred with curiously wrought iron. Each window was curtained within with lace and muslin.

The paths wound in and out among the trees, but none of these was large enough to afford a secure screen from the eye of any watcher within the house. There was neither eucalyptus nor ilex in the garden, which are heavy-leafed and afford shelter. Julia and Conyngham walked on, outdistancing the elder lady and Estella. From these, many a turn in the path hid them from time to time, but Julia was distrustful of the

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windows, and hesitated in an agony of nervousness. Conyngham saw that her face was quite colourless, and her teeth closed convulsively over her lower lip. He continued to talk of indifferent topics, but the answers she made were incoherent and broken. The course of true love did not seem to run smooth here.

"Shall I give you the letter? No one can see us, señorita. Besides, I was informed that it is of no importance except to yourself. You have doubtless had many such before, unless the Spanish gentlemen are blind."

He laughed and felt in his pocket.

"Yes," she whispered. "Quickly now!"

He gave her the letter in its romantic pink, scented envelope, with a half-suppressed smile at her eagerness. Would anybody, would Estella ever be thus agitated at the receipt of a letter from himself? They were at the lower end of the garden, which was divided almost in two by a broader pathway leading from the house to the centre of the garden, where a fountain of Moorish marble formed a sort of *carrefour*, from which the narrower pathways diverged in all directions.

Descending the steps into the garden from the house were two men, one talking violently, the other seeking to calm him.

"My uncle and the alcalde. They have seen us from the windows," said Julia quickly. All her nervousness of manner seemed to have vanished, leaving her concentrated and alert. Some men are thus in warfare, nervous until the rifles open fire, and then cool and ready.

"Quick," whispered Julia, "let us turn back."

She wheeled round and Conyngham did the same.

"Julia," they heard General Vincente call in his gentle voice.

Julia, who was tearing the pink envelope, took no heed. Within the first covering a second envelope appeared bearing a longer address.

"Give that to the man whose address it bears, and save me from ruin," said the girl, thrusting the letter into Conyngham's hand. She kept the pink envelope.

When, a minute later, they came face to face with General Vincente and his companion, a white-faced, fluttering man of sixty years, Julia Barenna received them with a smile. There are some men who, conscious of their own quickness of resource, are careless of danger and run into it from mere heedlessness, trusting to good fortune to aid them should peril arise. Frederick Conyngham was one of these. He now suspected that this was no love-letter which the man called Larralde had given him in Algeciras.

"Julia," said the general, "the alcalde desires to speak with you."

Julia bowed with that touch of hauteur which in Spain the nobles ever observe in their manner toward the municipal authorities.

"Mr. Conyngham," continued the general, "this is our brave mayor, in whose hands rests the well-being of the people of Ronda."

"Honoured to meet you," said Conyngham, holding out his hand with that frankness of manner which he accorded to great and small alike. The alcalde, a man of immense importance in his own estimation, hesitated before accepting it.

"General," he said, turning and bowing very low to Señora Barenna and Estella, who now joined them—"general, I leave you to explain to your niece the painful duties of my office."

The general smiled, and raised a deprecating shoulder.

"Well, my dear," he said kindly to Julia, "it appears that our good alcalde has news of a letter which is at present passing from hand to hand in Andalusia. It is a letter of some importance. Our good mayor, who was at the window a minute ago, saw Mr. Conyngham hand you a letter. Between persons who only met in this garden five minutes ago such a transaction had a strange air. Our good friend, who is all zeal for Spain and the people of Ronda, merely asks you if his eyes deceived him. It is a matter over which we shall all laugh presently over a lemonade; is it not so? A trifle—eh?"

He passed his handkerchief across his moustache, and looked affectionately at his niece.

"A letter!" exclaimed Julia. "Surely the alcalde presumes. He takes too much upon himself."

The official stepped forward.

"Señorita," he said, "I must be al-

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lowed to take that risk. Did this gentleman give you a letter three minutes ago?"

Julia laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes."

"May I ask the nature of the letter?"

"It was a love-letter."

Conyngham bit his lip and looked at Estella.

The alcalde looked doubtful, with the cunning lips of a cheap country lawyer.

"A love-letter from a gentleman you have never seen before," he said, with a forced laugh.

"Pardon me, Señor Alcalde, this gentleman travelled in the same ship with my mother and myself from Bordeaux to Algeciras, and he saved my life."

She cast a momentary glance at Conyngham, which would have sealed his fate had the fiery Mr. Larralde been there to see it. The prefect paused, somewhat taken aback. There was a momentary silence, and every moment gave Julia and Conyngham time to think.

Then the alcalde turned to Conyngham.

"It will give me the greatest pleasure," he said, "to learn that I have been mistaken. I have only to ask this gentleman's confirmation of what the señorita has said. Is it true, señor, that you surreptitiously handed to the Señorita Barenna a letter expressing your love?"

"Since the señorita has done me the honour of confessing it, I must ask you to believe it," answered Conyngham steadily and with coldness.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A WAR OF WIT.

"La discrétion est l'art du mensonge."

The alcalde blew out his cheeks and looked at General Vincente. Señora Barenna would with small encouragement have thrown herself into Conyngham's arms, but she received none whatever, and instead frowned at Julia. Estella was looking haughtily at her father, and would not meet Conyngham's glance.

"I feel sure," said General Vincente, in his most conciliating manner, "that my dear Julia will see the necessity of satisfying the good alcalde by showing him the letter, with, of course the consent of my friend Conyngham."

He laughed and slipped his hand within Conyngham's arm.

"You see, my dear friend," he said in English, "these local magnates are a little inflated; local magnitude is a little inclined to inflate—eh? Ha! ha! And it is so easy to conciliate them. I always try to do so myself. Peace at any price, that is my motto."

And he turned aside to arrange his sword, which dragged on the ground.

"Tell her, my dear Conyngham, to let the old gentleman read the letter."

"But it is nothing to do with me, general."

"I know that, my friend, as well as you do," said Vincente, with a sudden change of manner which left the Englishman with an uncomfortable desire to know what he meant. But General Vincente, in pursuit of that peace which had earned him such a terrible reputation in war, turned to Señora Barenna with his most reassuring smile.

"It is nothing, my dear Iñez," he said. "In these times of trouble the officials are so suspicious, and our dear alcalde knows too much. He remembers dear Julia's little affair with Esteban Larralde, now long since lived down and forgotten. Larralde is, it appears, a malcontent, and on the wrong side of the wall. You need have no uneasiness. Ah! your nerves; yes, I know. A great sufferer—yes, I remember. Patience, dear Iñez, patience."

And he patted her stout white hand affectionately.

The alcalde was taking snuff with a stubborn air of disbelief, glancing the while suspiciously at Conyngham, who had eyes for none but Estella.

"Alcalde," said General Vincente, "the incident is past, as we say in the diplomatic service—a lemonade now."

"No, general, the incident is not past, and I will not have a lemonade."

"Oh!" exclaimed General Vincente in gentle horror.

"Yes. This young lady must give me the letter or I call in my men."

"But your men could not touch a lady, my dear alcalde."

"You may be the alcalde of Ronda," said Conyngham cheerfully, in continuation of the general's argument, "but if you offer such an insult to Señorita Barenna, I throw you into the fountain—

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in the deepest part, where it is wettest —just there by the marble dolphin."

And Conyngham indicated the exact spot with his riding-whip.

"Who is this gentleman?" asked the alcalde. The question was, in the first place, addressed to space and the gods. After a moment the speaker turned to General Vincente.

"A prospective aide-de-camp of General Espartero."

At the mention of the great name the mayor of Ronda became beautifully less, and half-bowed to Conyngham.

"I must do my duty," he said, with the stubbornness of a small mind.

"And what do you conceive that to be, my dear alcalde?" inquired the general.

"To place the Señorita Barenna under arrest, unless she will hand to me the letter she has in her possession."

Julia looked at him with a smile. She was a brave woman playing a dangerous game with consummate courage, and never glanced at Conyngham, who with an effort kept his hand away from the pocket where the letter lay concealed. The manner in which she trusted him unreservedly and entirely was in itself cunning enough, for it appealed to that sense of chivalry which is not yet dead in men despite the advance of women.

"Place me under arrest, Señor Alcalde," she said indifferently, "and when you have satisfied me that you have a right to inspect a lady's private correspondence, I will submit to be searched, but not before."

She made a little signal to Conyngham not to interfere.

Señora Barenna took this opportunity of asserting herself and nerves. She sat heavily down on a stone seat and wept. She could hardly have done better, for she was a countess in her own right, and the sight of high-born tears distinctly unnerved the alcalde.

"Well," he said, "the señorita has made her own choice. In these times (he glanced nervously at the weeping lady) one must do one's duty."

"My dear Julia," protested the general, "you who are so sensible—"

Julia shrugged her shoulders and laughed. She not only trusted Conyngham, but relied upon his intelligence. It is, as a rule, safer to confide in the honesty of one's neighbour than in his wit. Better still, trust in neither. Conyngham, who was quick enough when the moment required it, knew that she was fostering the belief that the letter at that moment in his pocket was in her possession. He suspected also that he and Julia Barenna were playing with life and death. Further, he recognised her and her voice. This was the woman who had shown discrimination and calmness in face of a great danger on the Garonne. Had this Englishman, owning as he did to a strain of Irish blood, turned his back upon her and danger at such a moment, he would assuredly have proved himself untrue to the annals of that race which has made a mark upon the world that will never be wiped out. He looked at the alcalde and smiled, whereupon that official turned and made a signal with his hand to a man who, dressed in a quiet uniform, had appeared in the doorway of the house.

"What the deuce we are all trying to do I don't know," reflected Conyngham, who, indeed, was sufficiently at sea to awake the most dormant suspicions.

The alcalde, now thoroughly aroused, protested his inability to neglect a particle of his duty at this troubled period of Spain's history, and announced his intention of placing Julia Barenna under surveillance until she handed to him the letter she had received from Conyngham.

"I am quite prepared," he added, "to give this *caballero* the benefit of the doubt, and assume that he has been in this matter the tool of unscrupulous persons. Seeing that he is a friend of General Vincente's, and has an introduction to his excellency the Duke of Vittoria, he is without the pale of my jurisdiction."

The alcalde made Conyngham a profound bow, and proceeded to conduct Julia and her indignant mother to their carriage.

"There goes," said General Vincente, with his most optimistic little chuckle, "a young woman whose head will always be endangered by her heart." And he nodded toward Julia's retreating form.

Estella turned and walked away by herself.

"Come," said the general to Conyngham, "let us sit down; I have news for you. But what a susceptible heart,

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my dear young friend—what a susceptible heart! Julia is, I admit, a very pretty girl—*la beauté du diable*—eh? But on so short an acquaintance rather rapid—rather rapid!"

As he spoke he was searching among some letters, which he had produced from his pocket, and at length found an official envelope that had already been opened.

"I have here," he said, "a letter from Madrid. You have only to proceed to the capital, and there, I hope, a post awaits you. Your duties will at present be of a semi-military character, but later, I hope, we can show you some fighting. This pestilential Cabrera is not yet quelled, and Morella still holds out. Yes, there will be fighting."

He closed the letter and looked at Conyngham.

"If that is what you want," he added.

"Yes, that is what I want."

The general nodded and rose, pausing to brush a few grains of dust from his dapper riding breeches.

"Come," he said, "I have seen a horse which will suit you, at the cavalry quarters in the Calle de Bobadilla. Shall we go and look at him?"

Conyngham expressed his readiness to do as the general proposed.

"When shall I start for Madrid?" he asked.

"Oh, to-morrow morning will be time enough," was the reply, uttered in an easy-going, indolent tone, "if you are early astir. You see, it is now nearly five o'clock, and you could scarcely be in the saddle before sunset."

"No," laughed Conyngham; "scarcely, considering that I have not yet bought the saddle or the horse."

The general led the way into the house, and Conyngham thought of the letter in his pocket. He had not yet read the address. Julia relied upon him to deliver it, and her conduct toward the alcalde had the evident object of gaining time for him to do so. She had unhesitatingly thrust herself into a position of danger to screen him and further her own indomitable purpose. He thought of her, still as from a distance at which Estella had placed him, and knew that she not only had a disquieting beauty, but cleverness and courage, which are qualities that outlast beauty and make a woman powerful forever.

When he and his companion emerged from the great doorway of the house into the sunlight of the Calle Mayor a man came forward from the shade of a neighbouring doorway. It was Concepcion Vara, leisurely and dignified, twirling a cigarette between his brown fingers. He saluted the general with one finger to the brim of his shabby felt hat, as one great man might salute another. He nodded to Conyngham.

"When does his excellency take the road again?" he said. "I am ready. The *guardia civile* were mistaken this time; the judge said there was no stain upon my name."

He shrugged his shoulder and waived away the slight put upon him with the magnanimity of one who can forgive and forget.

"I take the road to-morrow; but our contract ceased at Ronda. I had no intention of taking you on."

"You are not satisfied with me?" inquired Concepcion, offering his interlocutor the cigarette he had just made.

"Oh, yes."

"*Buen!* We take the road together."

"Then there is nothing more to be said?" inquired Conyngham, with a good-natured laugh.

"Nothing, except the hour at which your excellency starts."

"Six o'clock," put in General Vincente quietly. "Let me see; your name is Concepcion Vara."

"Yes, excellency, of Algeciras."

"It is well. Then serve this gentleman well, or else—" the general paused and laughed in his most deprecating manner.

Concepcion seemed to understand, for he took off his hat and turned gravely away. The general and Conyngham walked rapidly through the streets of Ronda, than which there are none cleaner in the whole world, and duly bought a great black horse at a price which seemed moderate enough to the Englishman, though the vendor explained that the long war had made horseflesh rise in value. Conyngham, at no time a keen bargainer, hurried the matter to an end, and scarce examined the saddle. He was anxious to get back to the garden of the great house in the Calle Mayor before the cool of the evening came to drive Estella indoors.

"You will doubtless wish to pack

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your portmanteau," said the general rather breathlessly, as he hurried along with small steps beside Conyngham.

"Yes," answered that Englishman ingenuously—"yes, of course."

"Then I will not detain you," said General Vincente; "I have affairs at headquarters. We meet at dinner, of course."

He waved a little salutation with his whip, and took a side turning.

The sun had not set when Conyngham with a beating heart made his way through the house into the garden. He had never been so serious about anything in his life; indeed, his life seemed only to have begun in that garden. Estella was there. He saw her black dress and mantilla through the trees, and the gleam of her golden hair made his eyes almost fierce for a moment.

"I am going to-morrow morning," he said bluntly, when he reached her where she sat in the shade of a mimosa.

She raised her eyes for a moment, deep velvet eyes, with a glowing depth of passion in them that made his heart leap within his breast.

"And I love you, Estella," he added. "You may be offended, you may despise me, you may distrust me; but nothing can alter me. I love you now and ever."

She drew a deep breath and sat motionless.

"How many women does an Englishman love at once?" she asked coldly at length.

"Only one, señorita."

He stood looking at her for a moment. Then she rose and walked past him into the house.

(*To be continued.*)

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## A MAY BURDEN.*

Through meadow-ways as I did tread,
The corn grew in great lustihead,
And hey! the beeches burgeonèd.
By Goddès fay, by Goddès fay!
It is the month, the jolly month,
It is the jolly month of May.

God ripe the wines and corn, I say,
And wenches for the marriage-day,
And boys to teach love's comely play.
By Goddès fay, by Goddès fay!
It is the month, the jolly month,
It is the jolly month of May.

As I went down by lane and lea,
The daisies reddened so, pardie!
"Blushets!" I said, "I well do see,
By Goddès fay, by Goddès fay!
The thing ye think of in this month,
Heigho! this jolly month of May."

As down I went by rye and oats,
The blossoms smelt of kisses; throats
Of birds turned kisses into notes;
By Goddès fay, by Goddès fay!
The kiss it is a growing flower,
I trow, this jolly month of May!

God send a mouth to every kiss,
Seeing the blossom of this bliss
By gathering doth grow, certes!
By Goddès fay, by Goddès fay!
Thy brow-garland pushed all aslant
Tells—but I tell not, wanton May!

*Francis Thompson.*

* From *Odes and Other Poems.* Boston: Copeland & Day.

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# PARIS LETTER.

I must open my letter with a correction of something I wrote last month. In the mention I made of the proceeds of the Goncourt sales I stated that the Goncourt Academicians would have to be satisfied with a yearly stipend somewhat inferior to what had been planned by the founder of their Academy. I was mistaken; they will get nothing at all until the accumulation of interest has made it possible to give them the full six thousand francs. The provisions of the will are imperative in that respect, and leave no discretion to the executors. This means that the beneficiaries will have to wait for quite a while. The sale of the Japanese curiosities has swollen the grand total to a little less than twelve hundred thousand francs. It will be further increased by the sale of the remaining eighteenth century prints and engravings, and of the copyrights, but all that will not come anywhere near the two million francs which must be in before the "Academy" can be started. Of course the whole thing may yet come to naught. I have just learned that the executors feel somewhat uneasy on account of the suit brought by some of the relatives. Edmond de Goncourt had been incredibly careless in the drawing of the will. For instance, a legacy to Daudet's daughter, who was born after the dating of the will, was by him written over the lines, in the very body of the will, instead of being placed in a codicil. I should not give much for the will if the case were to be tried in the United States or in England. Fortunately French courts do not pay quite so much attention to form as the courts of English-speaking countries. *Qui vivra verra.*

After correcting my own mistakes, I suppose I may be allowed to correct the mistakes of others. In the March number of THE BOOKMAN the French translator of Ian Maclaren's novels, M. Coulin, receives the title of acting editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I have it on the best authority that M. Coulin is simply one of the numerous contributors to the *Revue*, and that the writer who will, during M. Brunetière's American trip, take his place, as far as it is to be taken at all, at the editorial desk, is M. Charles Benoist.

Some names have disappeared during the month, and one name at least has come forward as a claimant to celebrity. The most notable disappearances have been those of Jules Jouy and Rodolphe Selis. Both names are connected with the celebrated Cabaret du Chat Noir, which the former founded and owned, while the latter was for a while its regular poet. Jules Jouy was perhaps the most successful *chansonnier* of the last quarter of a century. His first *chanson*, called *Derrière l'Omnibus*, was also the first great success of Paulus, the café-concert singer. It is curious to note here that, later on, Paulus and Jules Jouy were both quite prominent, but on the two opposite sides, during the Boulangist episode of French politics. It was Paulus who sang the then famous Boulangist song *En R'v'nant d'la R'vue*, while Jouy every day published in the newspaper *Paris* an anti-Boulangist *chanson*. Some of these were quite effective. Strangely enough these political *chansons* seem to have been the indirect cause of poor Jouy's dying at forty-three in a lunatic asylum! After Boulanger's defeat he was led to hope that his share in the victorious campaign would be rewarded by the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. The red ribbon never came; Jouy brooded over it, became insane, and died. He was a true poet though; and New Yorkers who heard Yvette Guilbert recite rather than sing his *Soularde* will not dispute the point.

Is the following legend or history? Who knows? Anyhow, it is related that Rodolphe Salis, having once addressed Jouy with the words "When you die—" was interrupted by his friend, who said, "When I die, old fellow, you will not have three days more to live." Now, Jouy died on Wednesday, March 17th, at eleven A.M., and Salis on Saturday, March 20th, at eight A.M.!

Salis was a bohemian of the bohemians. His literature, when he wrote, was miserable; his painting, when he painted, was worse; and for years his only way to make a living was to resort to all the strategems so brilliantly described by Henri Murger in his immortal *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. But once he had an intuition of what was needed

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by the *blasé* element of Paris society, and he created *Le Chat Noir*, a newspaper, and a cabaret, the one booming the other. The success was phenomenal; the *chansons*, the *ombres chinoises* plays, the poems of the *Chat Noir* formed no contemptible part of France's literary production during the last twenty years. There Sarcey received for the first time his nickname of *l'oncle*, and he recently called Salis the firstborn of his nephews. Fortune came. Then Salis decided, just a few weeks ago, that Paris was not large enough for the Chat Noir, that the provinces too must know the queer little animal; and he started on a tour with his troupe. There death was waiting for him in Châtellerault, his native city, where he was born forty-five years ago.

Perhaps this obituary ought not to close without just a mention of Lucien Biart, who died the other day at the age of sixty-eight. He combined fiction and botany in a very curious way. In fiction, *Le Bizio*, a Mexican story; in popular science, *Les Vacances d'un Jeune Naturaliste*, were, I think, his best and most successful works.

Jules Renard, to whom I alluded above without naming him, has just met with a great success with a one-act play at the private theatre of *Les Escholiers*. It has called attention to him and to his former writings, especially to two remarkably witty productions, *L'Ecornifleur*, a novel, and a book of humorous and sentimental observations, *Nos Animaux*; he is a man with a future; make a note of his name.

I shall hardly do more than mention M. Pierre Denis's drama, *Jusqu' à la Mort*, acted at the Nouveau Théâtre. It is a dramatisation of General Boulanger's career. A few scenes are really pathetic.

More must be said of Abel Hermant's comedy, *La Carrière*, just given with great success at the Gymnase. Abel Hermant is a writer of skill and power. His play has great literary merit, and, in fact, most of the scenes have for months afforded delightful reading to the large constituency of this eminently *fin de siècle* periodical, *La Vie Parisienne*. Abel Hermant's first book, a novel, *Le Cavalier Miserey*, had created a great deal of scandal. The writer related there what he claimed to have witnessed when serving his term of military duty in the Twelfth Regiment of Chasseurs à Cheval in Rouen. Unless I am mistaken the colonel of the regiment brought suit against him, and he was sentenced by the courts. Fears were expressed then that he would try to make scandal an element of literary success. These fears have been dispelled since then, and everybody is glad of his success.

Among the most notable books of the month has been, first of all, *Ramuntcho*, a new novel by Pierre Loti. It is a story of two lovers in the Basque country, in the Pyrenees, who, while the young man is serving his term in the army, are separated by the girl's mother, who puts her daughter in a convent. The young man returns; as he is a very devout Catholic, the struggle in his heart is intense. Love triumphs; he prepares everything for carrying his sweetheart away from the convent, but fails to prevail upon her to follow him. Compelled to choose between divine and human love, she has chosen the former. Some may say that she purchases her own salvation at the price of her lover's happiness; but the possibility of this criticism does not seem to have embarrassed Loti very much. Anyhow, he has written an interesting book, perhaps one of his best.

If you want more George Sand and Alfred de Musset, you may take up *La Véritable Histoire de Elle et Lui*, by the celebrated collector of autographs and princeps editions, Viscount Spoëlberck de Lovenjoul. Some chapters of the book had already appeared in *Cosmopolis*. It is highly favourable to, I should say prejudiced in favour of, George Sand.

Those who have read the first two volumes of *Mémoires des Autres* by Jules Simon need not to have the *Derniers Mémoires des Autres* recommended to them. It is a delightful record of recollections. The book is edited by Jules Simon's older son, Dr. Gustave Simon.

Among Napoleoniana we have an excellent historical study by Henri Welschinger on Napoleon's son, *Le Roi de Rome*. It is the first time that we have anything like a trustworthy picture of that ill-fated prince.

To the student of the history of literature I heartily commend the new issue in the collection of *Grands Écrivains Français*, the French counterpart of Morley's "English Men of Letters." The

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author is the Duke de Broglie, and the writer studied Malherbe. Although more used to historical and political subjects, the aristocratic Academician has done his work remarkably well. To those who may wonder at the soundness of his literary scholarship I shall say in confidence that he was helped by a big bundle of notes handed to him by Gaston Deschamps, the writer of the *Vie Littéraire* articles, in the *Temps*, who had first been commissioned to write the book, and who had given it up for reasons unknown to me.

If we pass from published to forthcoming books we have the welcome announcement of a great narrative poem on Joan of Arc, by Clovis Hugues. The Marseilles poet has unquestionably the gift of poetical expressions, and everybody will await the result of his labours with a great deal of interest. His poem is to be written in the decasyllabic line of the old *Chansons de Geste*, and he claims to have followed very closely the most trustworthy sources of the history of the great heroine.

All men of letters, as well as artists, will be glad to hear of the purchase by the Louvre of the celebrated portrait of Armand Bertin, by Ingres. Aside from its artistic value, which is of the greatest, it has historical and literary interest. Armand Bertin was the editor of the *Journal des Débats* during the most brilliant period of the *Débats*' existence. It is for his daughter, who was a music composer of decided ability, that Victor Hugo turned the Esmeralda episode of *Nôtre Dame de Paris* into an opera libretto. The portrait passes out of the hands of the Bapst family, which now owns the *Débats*, for a sum which has been stated in public to be eighty thousand francs, but which, I am told, is only half of that amount.

A great deal of curiosity centres around a meeting which is announced to take place in the hall of the Société de Géographie on Tuesday, April 20th. Léo Taxil has promised to produce on that day the much talked-of Diana Vaughan. We shall know then whether she is a myth or not, or whether she is not simply Mme. Gabriel Antoine Jogand-Paget, which would mean Mme. Léo Taxil, as the last two words are only a *nom de plume*. A curious fellow, this man of forty-three, and a strange career. The books that bear his name would fill a good-sized book-case. They contain pamphlets, novels, historical (?) works, etc. There is very little in them that is readable. Rumour has it that a number of these books were written under Taxil's orders by scribblers of no intelligence whatever; that some of them were even boldly purchased by him from the authors. Once at least he simply appropriated another man's work without paying for it. That was when he republished under his own name the *Sermons de Mon Curé* of a certain Auguste Roussel, who had just died, an act for which he was sentenced to pay four thousand francs to Roussel's heirs, and which led to his expulsion from Free Masonry in 1882. Another time he had to pay sixty thousand francs damages and costs to Count Mastai, the nephew and heir of Pius IX., on account of the publication of his odiously scurrilous *Amours de Pie IX.* Of course all this belongs to his anti-Catholic period, when he was editing the *Midi Républicain* at Montpellier, and in Paris *l'Anticléricale* and the *République Anticléricale*, when he founded the *Ligue Anticléricale*, which soon numbered fifteen thousand members, and when he managed the *Librairie Anticléricale*, of the Rue des Écoles. This period reached its climax in 1885, when he was elected president of the *Congrès des Libres Penseurs*. In the same year he passed from anti-Catholicism to Catholicism, abjured his errors in the hands of the papal nuncio, Monsignor di Rende, went to Rome, and was absolved by the Pope, who even forgave his publishing two years earlier *l'Empoisonneur Lèon XIII.*, *Les Cinq Millions du Chanoine*. Unfortunately for Taxil, his change of attitude has not made him either less prolific or more readable. It is the same system of undiscriminating violence against his opponents. But one thing he has gained. He is no longer sued before the courts and compelled to pay damages. But for all that he may yet be unable to produce Diana Vaughan and to prove that she held real converse with Satan.

I do not know whether the columns of THE BOOKMAN are open to puns. Here is one, though, which is decidedly bookish. You know, of course, of the publishing firm of Plon and Nourrit. It is said that the dream of the starving man of letters is "*Être édité par Plon . . . et Nourrit!*"

*Alfred Manière.*

PARIS, April 2, 1897.

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# THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

The number of letters received by us during the past six weeks is greater than that for any similar period in our whole editorial experience, and unfortunately the space at our disposal this month is very much restricted. Hence, though the letters themselves are even livelier than usual, we must now reply to those alone that seem to be particularly pressing, and reserve the rest until the June issue of our magazine. We may say *par parenthèse* that nothing has come to us from Mr. Israel U. Sage; and this fact would in itself be more or less depressing did we not feel sure that he is busily at work on the back numbers of THE BOOKMAN, and that his present silence is only the ominous calm that precedes the explosion of a tremendous linguistic and literary bomb.

## I.

We have quite a number of letters taking exception to opinions expressed in certain of the articles contributed by various writers to THE BOOKMAN and duly signed by them. Among these notes, for instance, is one from "A New England Girl," dated (rather paradoxically, it seems to us) from Chicago, and full of bright criticism of the appreciation of Mr. Howells which appeared in the February number. Here is also another letter from Chicago written with much asperity and a certain disregard of the accepted rules for using capital letters, and saying some very unkind things about the writer of the skit on "The New Child and its Picture Books" in the Christmas number. And so it goes. Now, we are very willing to give space to criticism directed against our editorial utterances; but to publish letters relating to the opinions expressed in contributed articles would open too wide a door and swamp the magazine. So we must consistently decline to go a single step in this direction, though greatly appreciating the literary quality of some of these communications.

## II.

The lady from New Albany, Ind., who attacked us in the *Critic* some time ago, and whom we gently chided in reply, has written us a six-page letter in which she says things in a large and warlike style of chirography. We should like to print it and also answer it; but she is evidently real mad, and as we are well supplied with discretion, we think that we shall keep out of this thing altogether, for our courage has its well-marked limitations.

## III.

A resident of Providence, R. I. (name not given), sends us the following query on a postal card:

"On page 6 of the March number, why do you speak of 'a *portion* of Mr. Kipling's work'? Is it something to eat?"

Seldom indeed does it happen that from a correspondent's letter we can make a plausible guess at his environment and occupation. But there is no doubt in this case. The gentleman's profession, like his point of view, is obviously that of a waiter in a restaurant.

## IV.

Here is a letter that has given us infinite delight. It comes from Carpentersville, Ill.:

"DEAR BOOKMAN: On page 5 of the March BOOKMAN, in an article on Mr. Hamlin Garland, I notice you quote from his writing up of Grant in *McClure's Magazine*, 'the ripple of pliant snow-white *trousers*,' and of this you say: 'We wish that he had called them "pants."'

"Why do you say this? Do you think 'pants' is a better or prettier word than 'trousers'? Would you use 'pants' in talking and writing in preference to 'trousers'? And why?"

Really, you know, we must leave this writer still in the dark. We love our inoffensive little joke; but if we must always turn in and explain it we shall presently repent. And if our correspondent is in reality so serious a person as this, we must reluctantly advise him to give up THE BOOKMAN in the future and to stick conscientiously to the *Dial*.

## V.

A great many readers send us samples of the errors which they have detected in the pages of our contemporaries, and these little notes we generally do not

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print. But the following query is so delightfully *naïf* as to induce us to embalm it for posterity :

"I notice in a back number of the *Chap Book* an article which ascribes the composition of the Apocalypse to St. Paul ! Is it not surprising to find such ignorance in a publication like the *Chap Book* ?"

Surprising ? Well, hardly. What else could any one expect to find there ?

VI.

A lady, presumably young, writes as follows from Syracuse, N. Y. :

"In your March number you say that 'unmixed Saxon is good enough for Gurth and Wamba.' Who are Gurth and Wamba ?"

Bless us and save us ! What shall we say to this ? Nothing, except to advise the young lady to stop reading Stephen Crane and Marie Corelli (we know that she reads Marie Corelli) and to take six months or a year off for the exclusive perusal of Sir Walter Scott.

VII.

Some very sceptical person who does not sign his name to the letter that he writes from Scranton, Pa., asks the following question :

"Are the letters published in the Letter-Box actually sent to you, or are they written by the Editors ?"

This is really rather good. Imagine us sitting down and solemnly writing critical letters to ourselves, and then, after thinking over their contents, sapiently composing the replies ! All we can do by way of answer is to invite this ingenious Scrantonian and any others who favour his hypothesis to climb six flights of stairs and visit us in our editorial lair. We shall receive them with that urbanity which is one of our strongest points ; and though the office is not very well supplied with chairs, we shall ask them to be seated while we direct their attention to a large brown hook that hangs beside our desk, impaling all the Letter-Box correspondence of the preceding three months, together with some of the classics of older date, such as the letters of Mr. Israel U. Sage and of his amiable though mythical wife, Mrs. Griselda Sage. These our inquisitive friends will carefully examine, and then they will apologise and go away, and our character will be triumphantly vindicated.

VIII.

In a moment of temporary mental aberration such as all men are subject to at this season of the year, when the world grows fresh and an editor's brain grows stale, we spoke of "Lady Dedlock's quondam lover" as being the person who, in *Bleak House*, perished by spontaneous combustion. This was a sad sort of slip for us to make ; but we haven't the heart to regret it, because it has been the source of so much pure delight to our esteemed readers. Never before, we are convinced, did they hail with such enthusiasm anything that we have written. Up to the present moment, by actual count, no fewer than twenty-three letters and eighteen postal cards have come in, and every mail brings more. The writers are evidently enjoying themselves hugely. They gibe and chortle ; they ask whether we have ever read Dickens, anyhow ; they gleefully summon Mr. Laurence Hutton to contemplate our plight and be revenged ; they dance on us ; and they triumph all along the line. The very earliest and most amusing of all these paper missiles came only a day or two after the April number appeared, and is in verse, as follows :

"O prithee, BOOKMAN, tell me why
Thy microscopic gimlet eye,
In reading proof, should pass quite by
The error I discover.
If thou hadst read thy *Bleak House* well
Sure thou wouldst not so gravely tell
Of the strange fate that there befell
Poor Dedlock's 'quondam lover.'

"Alack ! Didst think she loved Old Krook,
Who moused in junk with claws and hook ?
No, 'twas not he whom she forsook ;
But *he* 'twas who combusted !
Then, prithee, BOOKMAN, take this lay
In kindly wise, and prompt allay
Our woe at finding one estray
In whom we've often trusted.

*H. E. H.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 27, 1897.

No doubt we ought to feel utterly crushed by all this ; but to tell the truth we can't ; for our personal sense of chagrin is lost in a feeling of editorial pride, and we confidently invoke the Muses and everybody else to say whether *any* magazine ever had such a clever lot of readers as THE BOOKMAN manifestly possesses.

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## IX.

Any one's mind would get a little uncertain after having to read all the letters that still keep coming in about the Return of Manuscripts Question. They are no longer little biting notes and Parthian postal cards, but long academic-looking documents, some of which might pass for doctor-dissertations, bringing to bear all the heavy artillery of history, ethics, eloquence, and formal logic. The arguments are set forth in regular lecture-room style (one, two, three) with subheadings (A, a, B, b, C, c), and presently they will be getting to $\alpha$, $\beta$, $\gamma$. The formal syllogism in all its variations plays a leading part and is rather terrifying. It is always painful to have it conclusively demonstrated that one is no good ; but when the proof takes the definite form of Baroko or Felapton we begin to feel scared. However, there is now and then a gleam of light in all this tempest. Such a thing we find in a postal card lately received from Mr. L. Kranz of Providence, R. I. It appears that Mr. Kranz had had from the advertising department a circular asking for his subscription to THE BOOKMAN. Whereupon he sat down and wrote the following :

"GENTLEMEN : Your kind invitation for pecuniary support of THE BOOKMAN is rejected. We cannot undertake to return rejected applications of the kind, whether stamps are enclosed or not.

"Yours truly,

"L. KRANZ."

Here is a humourist after our own heart, and we wish that we knew more of him. We proffer to Mr. Kranz all the compliments of the season, and beg to assure him of our most distinguished consideration.

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## THE SPINNER.

My spinning lies, at set o' sun,
  Where all who pass may see ;
And if they pause and if they run
  It were all one to me.

For I have spun a simple thread,.
  No more remains to do ;
The bloom from off my vine is shed ;
  The leaf is falling, too.

And none may know how many a thing
  Spins with my linen's fold ;
The passing face ; the wild bird's wing ;
  The breath of Autumn's mould.

And now it lies upon the grass ;
  The dew clings chill and wet ;
And some will come and some will pass
  To gaze and then forget.

But by and by dim stars will be,
  And then the hush of night ;
And then, mayhap (I shall not see),
  God's morn will make it white !

*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*

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# NEW BOOKS.

## TRENT'S "SOUTHERN STATESMEN."*

"Until it is possible," Professor Trent writes (p. 274), "for one and the same man to render justice both to William Lloyd Garrison and to Jefferson Davis . . . we shall not have an impartial historian." And again (p. 240): "The Brooks-Sumner affair, Bleeding Kansas, the John Brown raid, are admirable tests of the ability of the American historian: if he be at all a partisan, they affect him as the loadstone mountain did the ships of the Arabian tale—all the bolts are drawn out from his historical craft, and the erstwhile proudly sailing vessel lies a mere mass of planks and cordage upon the waters." Upon none of these test questions does the plan of Professor Trent's book permit him to express an opinion except upon the character and record of Jefferson Davis. Here he is certainly impartial. He depicts the Southern President as an able but not a great man; as an honest and high-minded but mistaken man; as the ill-starred leader of a cause justly foredoomed to failure.

Almost simultaneously with Professor Trent's *Southern Statesmen* there comes from the press a history of *The Middle Period: 1817–1858*, by Professor Burgess, of Columbia University. In this book three of Professor Trent's five test problems are dealt with, and the way in which the author will deal with the other two is clearly foreshadowed. The provocation given by Sumner and the "satisfaction" exacted by Brooks, the sack of Lawrence and the Pottawattomie massacre are visited with various and fairly proportioned degrees of condemnation. Of Garrison the Northern historian writes that, while his "doctrines are to be justified from the point of view of an extreme idealism, the means for their realisation, at first only indicated, but later boldly and rudely expressed, were revolutionary, almost anarchic" (p. 246). John Brown's raid lies beyond the limits of Professor Burgess's present narrative, and his estimate of Jefferson Davis will probably be more fully revealed in his forthcoming volume on *The Civil War and Reconstruction;* but the historian who denounces the Pottawattomie massacre as "common crime of the blackest sort" (p. 473) is not likely to deal gently with Brown's attempt to incite a servile insurrection in Virginia; and in noting and commending Davis's conduct as Secretary of War, Professor Burgess has already characterised him as "a remarkably upright man" (p. 472).

With most of these opinions we fancy that Professor Trent concurs; with some of them we are sure that he does. The Southern writer's view of the great question so long at issue between the sections is summed up in the last paragraph of his book: "Jefferson Davis lost his imaginary country at Appomatox, just where the new generation of Southerners have found a real one." It is to this new generation that he himself belongs; he cannot remember, he tells us, that he ever saw a slave. Professor Burgess is an older man; he saw slavery, and he carried a musket on the Union side; but in his book there is no more trace of sectional prejudice than in Professor Trent's. Each of these men is striving to write American history, not from a Northern nor from a Southern, but from an American point of view; and it is a happy augury for the future of our whole country—a future so largely dependent on the establishment of a good understanding between the older States, North and South—that the judgments expressed or indicated by these two writers are, on the most important points at least, so nearly harmonious.

As far as differences of opinion are brought out in *The Middle Period* and *Southern Statesmen*, it is interesting to note that in many instances it is the Northerner who leans toward what is commonly regarded as the Southern side, and the Southerner who expresses the average Northern opinion. Professor Trent says, for example, that the methods employed by Tyler and Calhoun to bring Texas

* Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime: Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Calhoun, Stephens, Toombs, and Jefferson Davis. By William P. Trent, M.A., Professor in the University of the South. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $2.00.

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into the Union "deserve all the harsh criticism they have received" (p. 188). Professor Burgess thinks that "the President and Mr. Calhoun were correct as regards the manner in which a foreign State should be annexed to the United States," namely, by treaty, "but they can hardly be justly blamed or criticised for following the method insisted upon by Congress" (p. 323). Professor Burgess's judgment of Calhoun as a man and of his doctrines does not greatly differ from Professor Trent's, but is, on the whole, more sympathetic. Professor Trent, again, indicates his opinion of the course pursued by the Federal Executive during the Kansas troubles by saying that Secretary Davis was President Pierce's "evil genius" (p. 281). Professor Burgess declares that the attitude of Pierce and Davis was "honourable and praiseworthy," citing the testimony of the Free-State leader, Governor Robinson (pp. 472, 473).

Do these and similar differences of view indicate that either writer is biassed by his desire to be impartial? Such an explanation would be honourable to the heart, at least, of either; but I do not think that it would be true. In each of the instances I have noted the Northern writer expresses an independent judgment while the Southern writer follows Professor Von Holst. As a foreigner, this historian should be fairly impartial; in fact, he is devoutly Abolitionist. Professor Trent, again, is less interested than is Professor Burgess in the legal aspects of the long sectional struggle that preceded the Civil War, and is, therefore, less in sympathy, on the intellectual side, with the Southern protagonists, who had to fight, for the most part, on purely legal lines. To Professor Trent, accordingly, Calhoun is "shadowy," and his reasoning "nightmarish." To Professor Burgess, Calhoun is concrete and intelligible—an acute barrister who stands firmly on his construction of the law that is already made, and ignores or resists the law that is in the making.

To Professor Trent's lack of interest in constitutional law is perhaps to be ascribed a certain flabbiness in his political science—for law furnishes the osseous structure of that science. His political instincts are sound, but his political thinking is a trifle vague. When he speaks (p. 269) of the Federal Constitution as "a compromise between particularistic and centralistic ideas," we are able to follow him; but when he alludes (p. 173) to the "fatal distinction between delegated and reserved powers" which was introduced by the founders, it is hard to see what he means. The distinction which he terms "fatal" is essential to our form of political organization. Without the theory of delegated powers there can be no federal scheme of government; without the theory of reserved powers there can be no constitutional protection of civil liberty. The great question before Calhoun's time was: Must the delegation of powers be express? The question between Calhoun and the nationalists was: What is the authority that delegates and reserves? Calhoun said the States: the nationalists said the people of the United States. What Professor Trent probably means is that the language of the tenth amendment to the Constitution did not afford as clear an answer to this question as was desirable. Professor Trent's dictum, again, that "when a doctrine like that of nullification is met only by an assertion of force, the victory is with the doctrinaires" (p. 167), apparently stamps him as a doctrinaire who cannot understand that force is the fundamental fact both in sovereignty and in law. He shows elsewhere, however, an instinctive grasp of the truth in declaring that "it is idle to waste time pricking theories that have already been pierced by the sword" (p. 284).

It is, however, hardly just to this book—which is neither a political history of the United States nor a treatise on political science, but a collection of political biographies—and hardly fair to the readers of THE BOOKMAN, which is a literary journal, to pursue further this line of criticism. As biography and as literature the book is excellent. Each character is studied and explained in its environment of time and place; and only a Southerner could have given us the background which is so essential to a right view of the later Southern leaders, and so helpful even in the case of Washington. The characters, moreover, are not merely accounted for or merely described: they are realised. This is true at least of Washington, Randolph, Stephens, Toombs, and Davis. Washington is brought back

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from mythopoetic regions and shown, with much warmth of feeling, as a great man who is at the same time a real man. Of the four others whom I have named the average Northern reader, and perhaps the average American reader, will gain for the first time a clear and just idea. Calhoun, confessedly "shadowy" to the writer, is naturally somewhat nebulous to the reader; and Jefferson is hardly more distinct. One cannot but wonder whether Professor Trent really admires Jefferson as highly as he says that he does, or has merely succeeded in persuading himself that he ought so to admire him. There is something in his treatment of Jefferson that suggests the latter hypothesis, although it would be difficult to say what that something is. There is a discrepancy which, if unconscious, is all the more significant, between the description of Jefferson in the preface (p. x.) as that one of all our statesmen who had "the most philosophic grasp and reach of mind," and the remark on page 33 that while he "made the idea of democracy potent both socially and politically" he "unfortunately set it in unnecessary and unphilosophical antagonism to the idea of nationality."

If any one wishes to see how well Professor Trent can write, let him read the eloquent paragraph on pages 20 and 21, in which Washington is compared with others of the world's greatest generals and statesmen. There is a singular harmony between the subject and the manner of these stately sentences. If any one desires a sample of the author's power to coin apt phrases, let him note the characterisation of Jefferson as a "transcendentalist" (p. 85), and that of Randolph as "the Heine of Virginia politics" (p. 96). If one wishes to see how thoroughly readable political biography can be made let him open the book anywhere.

One of the things that makes Professor Trent readable is his audacity. Take, for an example, his remark (p. 158) that the radical defect of character, both with Calhoun and with his State, was "that portentous lack of humour that never fails to lead men and nations into trouble." "Calhoun," he adds, "would have been saved many a blunder had he been able to speak disrespectfully of the equator—or of South Carolina." We may query whether Professor Trent would not be saved from much hostile criticism, and whether his views would not obtain readier acceptance among his fellow-Southerners, if he were able to curb his sense of humour; but we are sure that his writings would then lose as literature quite as much as they might gain as tracts.

Professor Trent's use of words—barring law terms—is commonly so completely in accord with the best modern usage that one wonders whether his verb transitive to "fault" a person (which is authorised but unusual) and his rather feminine use of the adjective "queer" are local or individual peculiarities.

*Munroe Smith.*

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## THE SECRET OF STEVENSON'S CHARM.*

The Thistle Edition of Stevenson, the first sixteen volumes of which were reviewed in these columns when they appeared a little over a year ago, is now completed by these four new volumes, with the exception of one more volume to be published in the autumn, which will contain the posthumous novel *St. Ives*, now appearing in *McClure's Magazine*, and several miscellaneous papers to be still collected and arranged by Mr. Sidney Colvin, Stevenson's literary executor. This volume, it is expected, will also include a complete Index to the whole edition. Subscribers to this edition, we may add, are presented with fac-simile reproductions of four pamphlets printed by Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, the illustrations in which were engraved by Stevenson himself and printed in 1881 and 1882. Only a few impressions were taken, which now command high prices, and the fac-similes which have been struck off are limited to subscribers to the Thistle Edition, and will not be distributed to other than the purchasers of this set.

It is cheering to learn that the publishers have had a great success with this edition; not only so, but of all the subscription editions which they have

* The Thistle Edition of Stevenson's Works. Vol. xvii., Vailima Letters: xviii., Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin; Records of a Family of Engineers: xix., In the South Seas; A Footnote to History: xx., Weir of Hermiston; The Plays; Fables. $2.00 per vol. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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recently issued of prominent authors in this form that of Stevenson has been far and away the leader. The question arises, What is there to account for Stevenson's popularity? What is the secret of his charm? We must agree that the charm was the charm of the man behind his books; what then was the peculiar quality in Stevenson's personality which held his readers? The key-note of Stevenson's life, and, as we believe, the secret of his charm, is that he was brought early face to face with death, and all through was as one who might be at any moment summoned, and whose call could not in any case be very long delayed. In his brave and beautiful essay "Ordered South," he lets us a little way into the secret of his earlier and later thoughts. What it means to be "ordered south," the difference it makes, we need not explain. Spitting a little blood—that may change for a man the face of earth and sky. The remote horizon of seventy is replaced by near and ever-nearing walls. How will this be taken by a high young heart? Stevenson has thought and spoken in express answer, and the close student of his books will discover that the reality was ever with him.

The natural thing is at first to take refuge in stoicism, to accept the sentence silently, to be fearless and gentle under the condemnation, to look for the stars that come out when the sun is down and the west faded. It is natural to think little, to make nothing of one's self, to put one's self out from the activities of humanity. But the first thought is not the best. It is inhuman, for the sufferer comes to look upon his fellows as on an alien race, and so Stevenson was attracted at first by the deformities and peculiarities of mankind. He was an observer, not contemptuous, but not sympathetic. The changing and passing show, the shadows and the generations, "the shrill doctors and the plangent wars going away into ultimate silence and emptiness," he viewed as one apart. This is a weakness of his work as well as in some respects a strength, and it has particularly marred his critical judgments, many of which are unduly severe and unhopeful, as, for example, his essay on Burns, in which, as he vaguely felt himself later, he utterly missed the way.

Another effect is to give a peculiar sense of freedom. A man feels that he has not now to answer those calls which have always been ringing in his ears. Day by day he has been solicited and claimed on every hand. He has answered as he best could; he has toiled with continual industry, but the labour has been weary and lonely; and now that he is so strangely exempted there is often no depression, but, on the contrary, a wonderful lightening of the heart. Now he does not ask from life anything more, and life asks no more from him. The kindling eagerness of hope and fear, grown overgreat, has passed away; the fever of emotion and the paralysis of despair are alike subdued. The individual soul may not be robbed wholly of the desire for personal recognition, but the desire is consecrated and clean.

And then he begins to see that his fellow-creatures need his pity. He thinks of the burdens that they are to bear during the long years, of the cruel defeats that await the multitude, of the broken, costly victories which are the portion of the few. For them, too, after long endurance, the same great revelation and call are waiting. Life is a vapour that appears for a little time and vanishes away, and in a noble nature like Stevenson's there arise divinely pitiful thoughts of the fellow-passengers on the last cruise, though they do not know it. He sees them as one who is both with them and above them, with the wisdom of one who has faced the worst and borne the burden of the thought of death. And he discovers also that he is loved more than he had dreamed. The years have no greater thing to tell us as they pass than the truth that the life of the very meanest is unspeakably important to some few. And so in the soothed and warmed air the desire to help grows keen, and with this office of helping Stevenson was busy to the last of his days, grateful for every sign of affection, but never asking for it, always giving from his stores of sympathy and courage, painfully writing letters which are now kept as sacred, and shown with tender pride only to the dear and trusted. Such affection does not cloud the vision; it makes it far sharper. The sufferer takes a truer measure of things. Instead of anticipating a far-off happiness, he learns to

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be glad in the day, the hour, the moment. He finds that the spirit of delight comes often on small wings, and when he learns that a long life is not to be taken as a matter of course, and that every added day is an unexpected grace, the stores of his happiness continually grow. He learns a large, pitiful judgment of men in their errors and achievements and sorrows. One example to which many might be added is his sketch of Thoreau. It was impossible at first to read it without deep regret. One felt that no sort of justice had been done to that great writer, that man of noble and simple nature. But Stevenson himself came to see the truth, and owned it nobly. He spoke of Thoreau as a selfish, small-souled prig, a man who dwelt by Walden Pond for the purpose of improving himself, a man who was too cold-blooded ever to be honestly in love. But he came to see and acknowledge that Thoreau's shanty in the woods was the refuge of the slave, that Thoreau was an ardent worker, soul and body, in the great movement of liberation, that at his own risk he sent the slaves along the road to freedom; further, that Thoreau was once in love, and by a great act of renunciation sacrificed the woman to his brother. So that what seemed a lack of interest to the philosopher was really a touching insincerity of the man to his own heart, and that fine-spun theory of friendship so devoid of flesh and blood was a mere anodyne to lull his pains. The old wound kept bleeding while the hero deceived himself with reasons. What Stevenson says about Whitman is true of himself. He gradually ceased to carry the world upon his shoulders and had faith in God. He did not whine and mutiny in this wonderful universe, and he could make the memorable words of Whitman his own: "There is a text 'He doeth all things well,' the meaning of which after due time appears to the soul."

With the sense of the shortcomings of life came the desire that no time should be lost. He saw at once the narrow limits and the vast possibilities of existence. He saw that there was something yet to be done, something that must be done ere the trumpet sounded for recall. Hence came his instant, unflagging activity, continued to the very last. We are all under the temptation to accept excuses for idleness. There is such an unending brawl and clamour, so many are busy in our little fields; we feel, perhaps, not sure that we have anything to say, and even if we have there are so many to say it better. So we welcome an excuse for making an end. Browning, in one of his most memorable poems, gives us the thoughts of one whose life's mid-current was stopped by a great stone whereat the waves strove.

> "They may churn and chide
> Awhile—my waves that came for their joy,
> And found this horrible stone full tide,
> Yet I see just a thread escape, deploy
> Through the evening country silent and safe,
> *And it suffers no more till it finds the sea.*"

More, much more, than a thread escaped with Stevenson. He was fruitful almost to the final hour, busily planning more work and better work when he died.

The effect of all this upon others may be put into a few sentences, and goes a long way, we venture to think, in accounting for Stevenson's charm. When any one is dying, affection and sympathy go out to him very easily. We feel that what we can do we must do very quickly. Nobody could think about Stevenson without seeing the couch on which he lay, without hearing his labouring breath, without knowing "at once the scar of the wound and the order pinned on the heart." The feeling of envy which is still so powerful could not live in the presence of that brave sufferer smiling at the rod. As he said himself, beauty sprang from the breast of pain, and the sight let the nobler passions play. Surely there was no creature so base as to grudge Stevenson his meed of victory. Each new book we had from him might be his last, and it is only when we are about to lose or have lost, that we know how precious and good our treasure was. They are happy who know in time, and they well may be grateful who have heard the distant footsteps of death which, by suggesting loss, make us conscious of the love we might otherwise hardly know. We all of us felt that sooner or later, and it might be sooner, we too had to face Stevenson's foe, and this man was fighting the battle grandly, for to know that the opportunities are shrinking is a call to do our utmost in what time remains. In other words, the inevitable fate stimulated energy, and gave a new keenness

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of emotion to mankind. And this was the effect to many minds of a visit, whether in thought or person, to Stevenson's sick-room. Is there anything more admirable than courage? Is it not the root of all virtue?

Stevenson was no sickly sentimentalist. His was a profoundly religious nature, more and more religious and reverent and in every sense of the word pious as the end grew nearer. But about religion he was not voluble. He was like him of whom it was written, "He spoke not much of religion when dying. His silent death was like his life, an amen to God's will." Did that bright spirit think of death as the end of all things? It could not be.

"Our low life was the level's and the night's;
He's for the morning."

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## THE WELL-BELOVED.*

Twenty-three years ago, when *Far from the Madding Crowd* was appearing anonymously in the *Cornhill Magazine*, it was authoritatively ascribed, as I have been told, to the author of *Adam Bede*. To us of to-day this guess seems to betray a surprising lack of literary instinct. In picturesqueness, in humour, in characterisation, above all in artistic perfection of workmanship, the love-story of Bathsheba Everdene was immensely superior to anything ever accomplished by that lofty-minded moral essayist who mistook her way into story-telling. So great a character, so powerful an intellect, could indeed attempt nothing ingloriously; but her heart was too often in the moral rather than in the story, and the destructive criticism of the day has already played strange havoc with her work. Strangely enough as regards the guess of the critic above quoted, it is in Mr. Hardy's later, not his early, works that any real resemblance to George Eliot is to be found. Glancing at these, we observe that a common seriousness of purpose and gloominess of creed stamp the two authors as the outcome of a single period in the history of philosophic thought. In a word, they belong alike to the age of Huxleyism, or of Positivism, George Eliot marking the rise of its influence in fiction, Hardy the close. Receiving the novel of manners from the somewhat superficial hands of Thackeray, George Eliot poured into it a moral and humanitarian earnestness unknown to it before; and this same earnestness survives to this day in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*. But it survives there alone. Mr. Hardy was born in 1840, and Robert Louis Stevenson some ten or twelve years later. But when Stevenson had arrived at man's estate, the current of our thoughts had already changed. We were grown weary of hopeless brooding over the problems of life that haunted us even in our recreations, and for our consolation Stevenson gave us the novel of pure amusement, guaranteed not to make us think. Other writers, often of brilliant ability, have continued other traditions of the older schools; but the main stream of tendency, as it seems to me, is here. To the place of the lamented Stevenson's romances has succeeded what I may perhaps call the anthropological fiction of Kipling—the fiction which recognises as its aim the comparative study of man as modified by the skies and conditions under which he lives, and which, notwithstanding all the commanding genius it displays, labours under this disadvantage—that in it woman figures but in the part of "lesser man." This passage may appear irrelevant, but its object is to put the position of Mr. Hardy's later novels distinctly before the reader.

In all but a few chapters, which have been rewritten, *The Well-Beloved* is an earlier work than *Jude the Obscure* (which in this issue of the "Wessex Novels" immediately precedes it), having appeared as a serial in the *Illustrated London News* as far back as 1892. Its manner, accordingly, is that of an earlier period. It has none of the characteristics which made *Jude* such a subject of debate—disconcerting, as that book did, some of the author's warmest admirers, while to others it appeared to contain, side by side with an admitted diminution of beauty, the most interesting study of a man which he had yet given to the world, together with possibly the fullest and freest expression of his matured genius. On the other hand, *The Well-Beloved*—surely the shortest

* The Well-Beloved. A Sketch of a Temperament. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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and slightest novel Mr. Hardy has written since *The Strange Adventures of a Milkmaid*—exhibits several of the charming characteristics which won the hearts of readers of his earlier works. The scenery of *Jude the Obscure* was austerely and harshly realistic; but perhaps only once before—when he drew Egdon Waste—has the author so vitally realised a landscape as here, upon a smaller scale, indeed, he has done that of Portland Bill—"the peninsula carved by Time out of a single stone," the reputed Vindilia Island, the Home of the Slingers, with its voices, its suggestions, its climatic and tidal peculiarities, its traces of a far-gone past, and its inhabitants, a race apart, living by and unto themselves. As Egdon Waste lives, so lives the "Isle," as it could never have lived upon the canvas even of the greatest of colourists, brought before us not only in its external features and a single mood, but in its changes and its spirit as well. This is the triumph of the art of literary description, an art as distinct from the no art of word-painting as an etching from a photograph. And, as the landscape is in Mr. Hardy's happiest manner, so—as a mere sketch of a girl—he has never surpassed the portrait of Avice the First. For myself, Mr. Hardy's women—second only to Shakespeare's as I conceive them to be—lack, in one respect, variety. They are, without exception, a young man's women. They charm the eye, fascinate, enthral the spirit. But the fact remains that it is by virtue of the capacity of passion, latent or at least suspected in them, that they interest, stimulate, appeal to or madden ourselves or the heroes of the books. And so is it with girls in real life while a man continues young. But few are privileged—or should I say are doomed—to remain youthful in heart as long as Jocelyn Pierston, the imaginative and susceptible sculptor of whose "temperament" this book purports to be a sketch. And, when youth is gone, then it is another side of womanhood which moves us. Then it is through her divine capacity, not for passion, but for affection, that she appeals to us, no longer in the character of the Foam-born Goddess, but in that of the Great Consoler. Now of this style of women, in the whole range of Mr. Hardy's novels, there is scarce a trace. I by no means urge it as a shortcoming, I merely state it as a fact. Elfride is a doubtful exception. Viviette, indeed, has tenderness, but it is the tenderness of a woman, herself no longer young, who is enamoured of a youth. And there is no maternal love, so far as I remember, in any one of the novels save that of the austere, though passionate, Mrs. Yeobright, or of Mrs. Jethway, a slighter sketch drawn either from the same model or one which much resembles it. In a word, of the *consolation* of a woman's love there is as little trace as of the consolation of religion. But among all Mr. Hardy's heroines—a Dream of Fairest Women indeed—the softer charm of womanhood is perhaps best realised in the first Avice Caro of this book. In the very instant of her entrance upon the scene she wins the heart of every masculine reader; her gentle charm is sustained through all we see of her, and though she disappears so soon, she is made to linger, pathetically transfigured, in the reader's memory to the end.

I have spoken of the things which appeal to me most forcibly in the book, and space barely suffices for a mere mention of what remains. The first few chapters are a delightful romance, of the kind of which, with never-faltering freshness, the author has already given us so many. The remainder is devoted to the somewhat mechanical working out of a plot which would be whimsical but for its purpose of developing the hero's character. In this regard, one almost inclines to believe that the author has borrowed from the French Symbolists, and intends us, while reading the letter of his story, to mark and inwardly digest a but half-revealed spiritual significance. The hero's delusion is, I fancy, no very uncommon one; the uncommonness consists in his clear and early perception of it. That the story of his life-long pursuit of "the Well-Beloved" ends in a bitter "making the best of things" is in strict keeping with the pure paganism of the character. But there were pagans, like Cicero, if not pagans of artistic temperament, who overcame the hatred of old age, and black indeed is the outlook for the Pierstons of to-day who can devise no means for doing the same. I cannot close without a word of regret at the unsympathetic touch with which the few "society" scenes in the book are represented.

*George Douglas.*

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## THE NANSEN SAGA.*

"Shrouded in fog lay the mystic land of Nivlheim, where the Reimtürser carried on their wild gambols. Why did we [Norsemen] continually return to the attack? There in the darkness and cold stood Helheim, where the death-goddess held her sway; there lay Näs-trand, the shore of corpses. Thither, where no living being could draw breath, thither troop after troop made its way. To what end? Was it to bring home the dead, as did Hermod when he rode after Baldur? No! it was simply to satisfy man's thirst for knowledge." So writes Nansen of exploration in the dawn of history, knowing that, for all his debt to modern science and training, and to the experiences and warnings of other Arctic voyagers, a debt generously acknowledged, the first impulse, the haunting compulsion that forced him to the north, the fascination that held him there, lost, weary, and in danger, were far older than his own memories and studies, and came from the Vikings, from Leif and Eric the Red. "Was it a mere feeling of duty that impelled me?" he asks, in one of his candid and expansive moments. "Oh, no! I was simply a child yearning for a great adventure out in the unknown, who had dreamed of it so long that at last I believed it really awaited me; and it has, indeed, fallen to my lot, the great adventure of the ice."

In the record of "booms" there is none more creditable than the Nansen one. It means even more than our national admiration for pluck; it is a response of the imagination to a quality in the leader, in the spirit of the expedition not always present in other leaders who have had our whole-hearted admiration and pity for their sufferings and their indomitable endurance. Read the book and see the man to find what that quality is. The record of his adventures as told in the newspapers and in his own lectures is not nearly enough to show his possession by a dream that had to be fulfilled, an idea that had to be worked out. As a story-book, *Farthest North* is magnificent and dangerously fascinating; truant schoolboys may now be looked for by the score as stowaways in whaling boats; the world has no use for the chill-blooded man, woman, or child who does not follow with breathless interest the bear-stalking, the polar hut-building, the kayak-sailing, the fights with walruses, the tough defiance of death in a hundred forms by the two fine fellows alone up there in the 80° latitudes. And yet we feel sure we are not singular in thinking that the most thrilling portion of the book consists in the extracts from Nansen's diary before he left the *Fram*, and after they had passed Cape Chelyuski. You live with him then day by day, watching the signs that tell for or against his great idea—that an expedition could be transported on the drift ice and by the same route across the Polar Sea, that once the ship was set fast in the ice the current, which he had guessed, would be its motive power. Nearly all the authorities were against him, his responsibilities were tremendous, and for his enthusiastic temperament, his faith in his star, he has, like every owner of these fine possessions, to pay by moments of deep doubt and dark depression. The daily evidence went often dead against his idea. He never deceives himself, but waits, waits, solacing himself in the trust of his comrades, by his cares for their comfort, in the marvellous beauty of the Arctic skies, and occasionally "rummaging in one of the old philosophers" to find strength to bear the worst. Then when he pours himself out a little to his diary, he calls it "whining like an old woman." It is in that long period of uncertainty, whether, save for general scientific purposes, the *Fram's* voyage may not be proved in vain, that is born the real sympathy with this leader, a man in love with an idea, and yet who will not sacrifice an inch of truth to his maintenance of it—a sympathy of a kind and degree we could never have otherwise felt, however many might have been his adventures, however much his pluck, however great his sufferings.

Nansen's personality, so simply and so vividly revealed in his modest utterances, places the book quite apart from

* Farthest North. By Fridtjof Nansen: Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the ship *Fram*, 1893-96, and of a Fifteen Months' Sleigh Journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen. With an Appendix by Otto Sverdrup, Captain of the *Fram*. About 120 full-page and numerous text illustrations, sixteen coloured plates in fac-simile from Dr. Nansen's own sketches, etched portrait, photogravures, and maps. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. $10.00.

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nearly all other books of travel. The scientific results of the expedition, the final proof of the breaking and shifting expanse of drift-ice in the region round the Pole, instead of a supposed immovable ice-mantle, the observations on the winds and on the current that sets the ice in motion, the discovery that the sea in the neighbourhood of the Pole is deep, together with the vast amount of hydrographic, magnetic, meteorological, astronomical, and zoological information, much of which has still to be formulated, are of first-class importance. And no one who reads the narrative will withhold his hearty admiration for the loyalty, the grit of the sterling good fellows that formed the community on board the *Fram*. But the man Nansen dominates us, and makes what might have been but a stirring story into a real book. When a dreamer can drudge, there should be a great result. Nansen drudged, and thus made perhaps the greatest of his discoveries, that men could not only be kept alive under circumstances which have always before been fatal or perilously cruel, but even healthy and happy. His gift of practical direction how to live in extreme northern latitudes is priceless. He apologises to the shades of Arctic travellers for his comfort on board the *Fram*, but that comfort had meant years of hard thinking and investigation. Nansen's consistent plan seems to have been to take every possible precaution, and give himself and his comrades every good chance of life, but only that the great idea might the better prosper. Endurance and determination had no limits in face of that. "A wretched invention, forsooth, for people who wish to push on, is a 'line of retreat,'" he says, "an everlasting inducement to look behind, when they should have enough to do in looking ahead."

Combined with the northern hardihood and defiance of nature's cruellest conditions, is his Northern melancholy and his transcendentalism. In the long Arctic night, amid the eternal stretches of white, facing the glories of sky, the effects of which there was nothing on the bare earth or sea to rival, his homesickness, his dreaming, his guesses at the riddle of existence are endlessly fed. The expression of his longings may to an English reader seem high-flown. Well, it is not English ; it is Teutonic ; but it is always naïvely sincere. The continuous inaction, his "life's 'Ragnarok' dividing it into two," is beyond bearing at times, and he cries out on Truth, "Why should we always make so much of truth? Life is more than cold truth, and we live but once." But then the dream, the impulse, the idea are on again ; and he is ready for the life of a savage, for the endless monotony, the endless drudgery through ice and water and the unknown, that the work may go on, and the dream be proved real.

We cannot end without grateful acknowledgment to the translators and the publishers. The English rendering is excellent. It is not a hard criticism, however, to say that the dull word "careless" should not have been substituted for the real and the better one in the Irish saying on which these Arctic heroes invariably acted, "If ye can't be aisy, then be as aisy as ye can." The publishers deserve the highest praise for their issue of two such handsome volumes, for the invaluable maps they include, and for the reproductions of the endless illustrations in black and white, and in colours, that add so much to the realisation of Nansen's great undertaking.

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## MR. MAX PEMBERTON'S NEW NOVEL.*

When Mr. Max Pemberton's *Iron Pirate* appeared, those who love to ticket novelists with titles answering to foreign equivalents made haste to dub him "the English Jules Verne," just as they dubbed Mr. Jerome "the English Mark Twain," Mr. Weyman "the English Dumas," Mr. Richard Harding Davis "the American Dickens," or M. Maeterlinck "the Belgian Shakespeare." The "English Jules Verne" was no bad name for Mr. Pemberton as we first knew him ; "the Modern Munchausen" would have been better, for anything more magnificently mendacious and mendaciously magnificent than *The Iron Pirate*, *The Sea Wolves*, and *The Impregnable City* it would be difficult to instance. Reading any of these three works was, as I once had occasion to remark, like riding in a hansom cab behind a runaway horse—an exciting pas-

* Christine of the Hills. By Max Pemberton. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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time, it is true, but one which is apt to play havoc with the nerves. But no sooner had Mr. Pemberton achieved a signal success with stories that left his public agape with imbecile amazement —no sooner did he find himself riding abreast with Jules Verne on the high-road of fame, than he suddenly turned bridle, and when next we heard the clatter of his good steel, he was drawing sword in the gallant company of Mr. Stanley Weyman, Dr. Conan Doyle, and Mr. Levett Yeats. And now he has faced right about again, and the erst-while Munchausen, whose first book was, if I rightly remember, reviewed at length by the *Daily Chronicle* under the heading "A Splendid Lie," comes to us with another volume under his arm which he assures us in the "Foreword" is, in part, "a true story."

I must confess to reading Mr. Pemberton's declaration of veracity with some apprehension, and with a pious prayer that his might not prove so parlous a state as that of the "Old Story-teller" of whom Mr. Herbert Clark sings :

"My voice has failed this many a year,
My wit has grown so small
I'm even forced to speak the truth,
But somewhere lives a happy youth
Who'll tell you—lies, I think, my dear ;
But you'll believe them all."

Let me make haste to assure the reader that the apprehensions were groundless, for Mr. Pemberton can be entertaining as a veracious, no less than as a mendacious chronicler. In which rôle we prefer him must be a matter for individual choice. Those of us who even as boys found the story of *Gulliver's Travels* or the *Arabian Nights* more interesting than a recital of the leading events in the life of George Washington, will plead to a sneaking fondness for the absinthe of pure Pemberton undiluted by facts. Others who have found it too heady a beverage will be glad to know that the cup they are now putting to their lips has been filled from the well of truth. In any case Mr. Pemberton has given us in *Christine of the Hills* a story which, as a work of art, has more enduring merit than anything he has yet published—a story which is told with such dignity and distinction, such reticence, restraint, and disdain of the cheap "effects" of the sensation-monger, as to win the warm admiration of every one who takes the craft of letters seriously. To say that it is wildly exciting ; to say that each chapter is, so to speak, constructed with a false bottom which gives way under the reader's foot and tumbles him headforemost into the chapters immediately following—after the approved method adopted by writers of serials—would be misleading to the reader and unjust to Mr. Pemberton. It is a story which relies for its interest upon the strength of its character drawing, the charm of its "local colouring" (one uses the stale and not very happy phrase for want of a better ; phrase-coiners, please note), and upon the artistic unfolding of the plot. Mr. Pemberton puts the story in the mouth of an old waterman of Sebenico, from whom he had hired a yacht, and whose personal services as guide he had secured during a holiday spent among the islands of the Dalmatian coast. Such a method of telling a story—convenient though it may be in a short narrative—is difficult to maintain in a volume of three hundred odd pages. But there is no denying that this second edition of the Ancient Mariner has a taking way with him, and though one wearies a little of the constant recurrence of the word "Excellency," by which the supposed listener is addressed, and has to the end one's doubts about the wisdom of the course Mr. Pemberton has adopted, the fact that our author carries the matter through to a successful termination is his best justification. That the narrator is a rascal goes without saying, for Mr. Pemberton has long ago constituted himself a "Diarist of Scoundrels," as those who are aware that *The Iron Pirate* was not, as is generally supposed, his very first book, will remember. He has, indeed, a pretty taste in rascality, and will pick you out a likely scoundrel for a story at a minute's notice.

The scene of *Christine of the Hills* is laid in Dalmatia, and Mr. Pemberton is to be congratulated, first, upon having broken what is practically new ground to the novelist, and, secondly, upon having placed so picturesque a figure as Christine in so picturesque a setting. To tell her story here would be unfair to Mr. Pemberton and to the reader, but one may at least say that Christine of the Hills is almost as winning a child of nature as Byron's Haidee. She is,

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in fact, a Haidee minus a Don Juan, and is quite the most delightful figure in Mr. Pemberton's picture gallery of beautiful women.

The charm of the book—and it has the rare quality of charm—consists in its freshness. It has nothing whatever in common with the modern novel. The sex question and the new woman are not so much as named in its pages, nor is Society satirised after the manner of Miss Marie Corelli. Hence, there is no denying that it is in no sense "up to date." It is not even "realistic" or "convincing." It is, in short, more like an opera than a novel, and it reads like a succession of scenes from *Carmen* or *Maritana*. That it is full of warm colouring, movement, and music, and that picturesque figures come and go across picturesque settings follows naturally.

One day we may hear that *Christine of the Hills* has been put "upon the boards" of the Opera House. If so, may I and the reader be there to see.

*Coulson Kernahan.*

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## CONTINENTAL PARTIES IN EUROPE.*

"Long-felt wants" have become so much of a rarity in political literature that Mr. Lowell is entitled to great credit for having discovered and filled one. As a pre-eminently political animal the American feels, as a rule, a lively interest in the governmental institutions of other lands. This interest, however, is apt to be rather more lively than well informed. The average American has pretty accurate ideas about British politics, especially on their Irish side, but his notions about the constitutions and institutions of the continental nations are hazy. Our chauvinists never cease to declaim about the blessings of our political system as compared with the decrepit systems of the Old World; our chronic reformers draw depressing pictures of impending ruin because we will not profit by the experience and imitate some specified practice of the older nations; but it is only too often the case that neither the chauvinist nor the reformer has any adequate idea of what he is talking about. The appearance of Mr. Lowell's book has rendered it inexcusable for any American in the future to lack a clear understanding of the governmental and party systems in five of the Continental States.

Nothing could be more useful than the plan on which Mr. Lowell has laid out his work, and it would be very difficult to improve on the execution. The governments treated are those of France, Italy, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Switzerland. The method of treatment in each case consists, first, in describing the organisation of the government as laid down in the constitution and the practical working of this organisation, and, second, in tracing the development of parties and the characteristics and influence of the party system. So far as the mere constitutional law of these various nations is concerned, we have had in English more or less satisfactory treatises on all of them except, possibly, Austria-Hungary. But Mr. Lowell aims to give, and does give, much more than the mere constitutional law. He is particular to expose the actual practice rather than the legal theory of the government. On scores of points he notes pregnant little customs which have transformed or nullified constitutional prescriptions, to the utter confounding of students who depend on the letter of the law. Parliamentary practice also is described in its real working as distinct from the formal organisation of the legislature.

But the matter in which Mr. Lowell makes most distinctly a contribution to our political literature is his description and analysis of parties. Accurate, impartial, and philosophic, this part of his work cannot fail to have a most beneficent influence in correcting the very confused and erroneous notions that prevail on this side of the water. The author has no theory to vindicate as to the ideal function or form of parties. He does not impute to the Germans, the French, and the Italians total political depravity because they lack the two-party system; nor does he find assured salvation in their practice of separating municipal from national politics. But he makes perfectly clear the historical conditions out of which their parties arose; he shows the relations and re-

* Governments and Parties in Continental Europe. By A. Lawrence Lowell. Two vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.00.

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ciprocal influence of the party systems and the governmental organisations; and he suggests the tendencies which seem to be inevitable under existing conditions. When he drops into political philosophy, as he does from time to time, it is a broad and rational philosophy, of Aristotelian strength and suggestiveness. Note, for example, his explanation of the existence of "Irreconcilables" and the group system of parties in France, where he bases his views on the dictum: "The foundation of government is faith, not reason; and the faith of a people is not vital unless they have been born with it" (I., p. 103). This is truly a hard saying in our rationalistic age; but he who disputes it must be prepared for hard knocks. Note, again, the author's lucid exposition of the difficulties in the way of maintaining separate parties for national and for local politics (I., pp. 220 *et seq*.). These pages should be omitted by those devoted souls who are expecting an early millennium through "non-partisanship" in local politics. Mr. Lowell courts martyrdom at the hands of our fierce democracy by the bold assertions that "the conception of government by the whole people in any large nation is, of course, a chimera," and that "at present popular government in Germany is neither probable nor desirable" (II., pp. 65–67). But he proves what he asserts. Finally, his reflections on the relative merits and defects of the party system, as suggested by the weakness of the party organisation in Switzerland, satisfactorily complete an admirable philosophy of the whole subject.

To mention the striking instances of thorough knowledge and lucid exposition in connection with the organisation and working of governments would involve a complete summary of Mr. Lowell's book. A few points, however, may be referred to as of especial value to Americans. Such is the discussion of the ordinance power in France and elsewhere, and of the importance in general of the administrative as distinct from the legislative organs—a notorious stumbling-block to Anglo-Saxon prejudices. So, too, the whole theory and practice of interpellations, with the German, Austrian, Hungarian, Italian, and Swiss variations on the original French model, are made most intelligible. A related feature of parliamentary practice, the appointment and activity of committees, is also exhibited in all its bearings. Mr. Lowell's book ought to be of much use to Mr. Gamaliel Bradford and Professor Woodrow Wilson in their yearnings to save us from the perils that lurk in government by congressional committees. The appointment of committees by a combination of the lot and election might be relied upon to thwart the narrow partisanship which dominates our committees and to break the power of the speaker. Unfortunately, however, it is revealed by Mr. Lowell that, whatever the theory, in practice the directions of the various party leaders prevail over all the forms of appointment in determining the composition of the committees.

Considering the vastness of the field covered by Mr. Lowell's work, its general accuracy in statements of fact is remarkable; and the more so that the book is brought thoroughly up to date. A few slips have been noted, of which the most surprising is the reference to the Austrian Poles as of "non-Slavic origin" (II., p. 97). Race relations in the dominion of Francis Joseph are pretty complicated, and so are political relations; but ethnology must have its rights, even if the complexity is never resolved. It is slightly misleading to say that Jules Ferry, after his defeat on the Tonquin policy, "resigned, never to hold office again" (I., p. 83). In fact, Ferry was elected to the Senate after long retirement, and in February, 1893, became president of that body, just one month before his death. Again, the law as to the appointment of syndics of communes in Italy (I., p. 169) was changed by act of July 7th, 1896, so as to make them all elective. This change was probably too late for notice in the volume. The assertion that since Victor Emmanuel entered Rome the Pope has never "placed his foot outside the grounds of the Vatican" (I., p. 186) just escapes being literally true. One fine July day in 1890 Leo XIII. paid a visit to an artist's studio in Rome, whereupon the alert correspondent did greatly rage and the sagacious editor imagine a vain thing for the rest of the silly season; but no further overt act ever fulfilled the predictions of a definite change in the papal policy. As to the electoral system in Saxony, Mr. Lowell

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has not noticed that in the winter of 1895–96 the Prussian three-class method was substituted for the old direct voting, the cause being alarm at the growing strength of the Socialists. This slip occurs in the one part of the work that might have been omitted. The last forty pages of the first volume are devoted to a perfunctory sketch of the constitutional arrangements in the lesser German States, condensed (the sketch, not the States) from Marquardsen's great collection. The fact that Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, with an acreage and a population far less impressive than its name, has a *Landesversammlung* and a *Staatsgerichtshof* and a variety of other institutions whose collective titles average about a syllable apiece to every inhabitant, seems hardly worth printing.

*William A. Dunning.*

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## NEW EDITIONS OF OLD PLAYS.*

It is not forty years since Matthew Arnold (in a foot-note to his essay on the *Function of Criticism at the Present Time*) urged the advantages of the French practice of printing a notice by a competent critic to serve as an introduction to an eminent author's works. His advice was long unheeded, although he set a good example himself in his prefaces to the selections from Wordsworth and from Byron. But at last the habit was established, and of late it has been fashionable. As always happens in such cases, there is excess and there is carelessness. Conceited essayists seized on the preface as a platform on which to show off their own airs and graces; and more than one defenceless masterpiece has been disfigured by the insufferable impertinence of a bedizened clown. So far has the pendulum swung back, that only the other day Mr. Austin Dobson was moved to begin his delightful introduction to *Pride and Prejudice* with the assertion that "one of the curiosities of modern criticism is a marked impatience of new prefaces to old books." If this impatience really exists, it is the fault of those who have written the newest prefaces, and who have not accepted the conditions implicit upon the editor who prepares an introduction to a classic. The task imposed upon him is simple. First, he must suppress himself and think only of his author. Second, he must be sympathetic, for if he does not see more to praise than to censure, he had best leave the writing to another hand. Third, he must outline briefly the author's biography, and set forth at greater length the circumstances under which this special work was written. Fourth, he should show us the relation of the book in question to its author's other writings; and he should also set before us the position it holds in the development of the branch of literature to which it belongs.

Other things also the editor may give us of his abundance, if he will, but these things we have a right to expect. It is the deficiency of the pretty edition of *Richelieu* which Mr. F. C. Gordon has effectively illustrated, that it is sent forth bare of a preface, although few modern plays call more loudly for elucidation. The reader would like to have explained to him how far Lord Lytton availed himself of the actual facts of history, and how far he helped himself to the artful fictions of Alfred de Vigny and G. P. R. James. It would have been well also to point out the invaluable assistance the experience of Macready was to the author; and it might have been interesting to trace the stage history of the play in Great Britain and the United States. It has not been acted in France as yet, although it was announced as in preparation at the Odéon this winter.

Mr. Augustine Birrell is an agreeable rattle, to use a phrase not inappropriate in considering a new edition of two

* Richelieu; or, The Conspiracy. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Illustrated by F. C. Gordon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The School for Scandal and The Rivals. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With an introduction by Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., and illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan. London and New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Temple Dramatists, edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A. 1. Arden of Faversham, edited by Rev. Ronald Bayne, M.A. 2. Edward II., edited by A. W. Verity, M.A. 3. Every Man in his Humour, edited by W. Macneile Dixon, Litt.D. London: Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co.

Longman's English Classics, edited by George Rice Carpenter, A.B. 1. A Midsummer Night's Dream, edited by G. P. Baker, A.B. 2. The Merchant of Venice, edited by Francis B. Gummere. 3. As You Like It, edited by Barrett Wendell and W. L. Phelps. 4. Macbeth, edited by John Matthews Manly. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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eighteenth-century comedies; and he rattles through fifteen pages most agreeably. He tells us how, as a little boy, he first heard Sheridan's name from the mouth of an ambitious carpenter; and how, later in life, when Miss Ellen Terry was acting Lady Teazle in the screen scene, he overheard a youthful voice exclaim tearfully, "Oh, mother, I hope she won't yield." And between these bits of autobiography Mr. Birrell gossips pleasantly about Sheridan as a man, as a wit, as a politician, and even as a dramatist. Obviously enough, it is as a wit and as a politician that Sheridan interests Mr. Birrell rather than as a dramatist; and so the editor's remarks upon the *School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* are casual and perfunctory. His formal judgment upon the comedies under discussion is far less valuable than are his *obiter dicta* about Sheridan's strong common sense as a politician and Sheridan's superior shrewdness to Fox.

In its way no collection of Shakespeare's separate plays is so satisfactory as the Temple Edition, and under the title of the *Temple Dramatists*, Mr. Gollancz is editing a series of single-volume old plays uniform with the preceding Shakespeare. Here is the perfection of editing: the introductions contain just enough and not too much, and what they contain is in the main what they ought to contain. Of the three plays, the titles of which are given above, *Arden of Faversham* has the most adequate preface, perhaps because the editor, Mr. Bayne, considers the piece not merely as something to be read now, but as something intended originally to be acted. Only too often do Elizabethan scholars discuss an old play as though it were literature only and not drama first of all.

And here is the striking merit of the four plays of Shakespeare as edited for school use in *Longman's English Classics*. The editors have kept in mind the fact that Shakespeare wrote his plays to be acted, that these plays were acted, that the special form Shakespeare gave them was due in part at least to the circumstances under which they were brought out, and to the physical conditions of the playhouses in which they were first seen. It is a strange reflection on the most of those who have hitherto edited Shakespeare's plays for class-room use, that there should be so strong a flavour of novelty about the editions just now prepared by Professor Baker, Professor Manly, Professor Gummere, Professor Wendell, and Dr. Phelps. But in no other edition has sufficient stress been laid upon the dramatic side of the work of the greatest dramatist who ever lived. Professor Baker's introduction to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is, perhaps, a little too colloquial in its tone, but nothing could better bring before the eyes of a bright youth the peculiarities and limitations of the Elizabethan theatre, an understanding of which is a condition precedent to any real appreciation of the Elizabethan drama. As useful in a different way is Professor Wendell's introduction to *As You Like It*, with its knowledge, its insight, its abundant common sense, and its total absence of gush.

*Brander Matthews.*

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## THE FALCON OF LANGÉAC.*

Among the most notable spring publications are two novels of adventure lying along somewhat similar lines. One, *The Forge in the Forest*, which was recently reviewed in this magazine, is by Professor Roberts, already known in literature; the other, *The Falcon of Langéac*, is a still later work and comes from a new writer.

But, while this is the author's first book, it can scarcely be her 'prentice attempt in fiction. Such easy simplicity —which may be likened to the limpid smoothness of the old French chroniclers—is rarely if ever at the command of the beginner; the reserve that accentuates the intensity of the work and the singular directness of the narrative seem essentially the outgrowth of experience. Should it, however, be really a first literary effort, the fact gives promise of much larger work than this charming little story. For, slight as it is, *The Falcon of Langéac* has a shapeliness too often lacking in more pretentious tales. It realises, too, the historical atmosphere which sometimes escapes stricter adherence to history, and conveys an impression of reality curiously in contrast with its absolute disregard of the probabilities.

* The Falcon of Langéac. By Isabel Whitely. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.

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It is a romance of the time of Francis I.; of those stormy days in the early part of his reign when the treachery of the Constable de Bourbon and the ceaseless incursions of the English and Spaniards and Germans came near to wrecking the kingdom of France. The types and the social and political conditions are all so completely beyond the modern imagination that it may accept them without the demur that must always go with portrayals more within one's ken. The author has apparently made no attempt to individualise, realising probably that the great distance must blur the features, so that only sketchy outline drawing could be effective. This, at all events, is the character of the work, which, nevertheless, is conceived with a vividness that fills it with colour and life.

The story acquires dramatic force from being told in the first person, and has an intimacy of tone that wins confidence. The opening scene, in which Armel de Langéac describes the events following the death of his mother, and the arrival of his lawless half-brother, who tries to rob him of his rights, gives an impetus that does not flag from start to finish. There is a vivid picture of the youth Armel and his orphan cousin Constance, alone and friendless, but for the indiscreet housekeeper and the wise old priest, when the half-brother and his minions come down like wolves on the fold in the defenceless old château in Brittany. But danger sometimes makes a boy a man in a moment, and, striking a hole in the tapestry with his dagger, he looks at the vandal with steady nerves :

"I had forgotten the appearance of my half-brother, who was twenty years or more my senior. But I kept memories of cruel jokes and teasings with which he had amused himself and tortured me when I was a lad. Little as I liked him, and bad as was all I knew of him, still I started as I saw the evil that the years had burned into his face. . . . The black eyes of Langéac in him were savage and glaring; sinister smiles had drawn down the lines of his mouth, and the aquiline nose which marks our race was hooked over like that of an evil bird of prey. His followers were not a whit better than himself; and although they looked not only evil, but in manners beneath him, he kept no distance from them, but treated them as his peers. He strode up and down the room, cursing furiously at everything, stopping often beside the table—where were spread cold meats, fowls, and wine—to quaff a deep draught or to eat greedily without sitting down. Then he tramped about again and drank again until another man might have fallen under the table from drunkenness . . . by this time my position in the closet had become almost intolerable; and, but that I was the only swordsman in the house—for the ancient arms of our servants were little use for defence—I would have rushed into the hall to try what I could do to bring the intruders to quiet and civil behaviour. Yet, realising my impotence and anxious to know their dispositions toward us, I controlled myself and listened again."

And then, when the full enormity of his brother's plan stands disclosed he sees that he must seek safety in immediate flight, more for his cousin's sake than for his own. The priest has already urged taking refuge in the nearest sanctuary—for in those times, as well as in latter days, spiritual powers controlled much that temporal forces are powerless to reach. And so it is that the youth and the maiden fly from the roof that has hitherto sheltered them and ride through the stormy night into the terrible unknown world, flying, as so many have done before them, from the ills that they have to those that they know not of. For, as they journey, one harrowing adventure succeeds another, like the visions of a feverish dream, culminating in a thrilling experience at a mysterious inn in which they stop overnight. The cousinly affection with which they have started has ripened into love, and Armel's thoughts are all of Constance, when he is compelled to leave her alone amid sinister surroundings :

"Thinking thus," he says :

"I heard a clicking noise behind me, and realised that the key had been turned in the door. Startled, puzzled as to why any one should wish to lock me in, I listened intently, and thought I heard the swish of a woman's dress against the wall outside. I remembered the handsome, sly maid-servant, and something in my soul hinted of evil toward Constance. I tried the door; it was fast, and breaking it would arouse my unknown enemy to greater speed in the ill she plotted. I thought of the window. . . . The window was very small, but I could spring from it to the stairway which climbed past it crosswise and gain the attic before the unknown had time to traverse all the passages, descend to the courtyard and come round. I pulled the table under the window, leaped upon it, pushed my head and shoulders through the opening, and then raised myself with great difficulty to a position for springing. Often have I climbed from a high turret at Langéac and leaped thence to the top of a chestnut tree for a hawk's nest, with no feeling of fear. But now, thinking of Constance's plight should anything befall me, I feared horribly. A moment I hung over the darkness; then I sprang and caught the rickety railing. It swayed and cracked ominously be-

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neath the force of my grasp, but with a tug I drew myself up and ran up the stairs along the gallery to the attic chamber."

There is not space here to tell what he found, nor to make mention even of many equally thrilling situations through which the young couple pass before reaching the abbey, and later the court. From this time on the environment better befits their gentle blood, and Constance blooms into a court beauty, so that innocent jealousy adds a piquant element to the story. Then, when the course of true love runs smooth again, when the wicked brother meets his deserts, and the happy lovers start back to Langéac to claim their own, more brilliant adventures befall them, rounding the stirring tale without the slightest cessation of interest.

*Milton E. Francis.*

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## A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS.*

After subjecting this volume to a very careful examination, we do not hesitate to say that of all works relating chiefly to quotations in the English language, it is the very fullest, the most accurate, and therefore the best. The present edition has been so carefully amplified and corrected as to make it substantially a new book. The bulk of the work was prepared by the late Mr. J. K. Hoyt, and after his death the book was, we believe, completed and seen through the press by Miss Kate Louise Roberts. It is arranged in two great divisions, English and Foreign, the latter comprising quotations and proverbs of Latin, French, Italian, and German origin, but omitting (a very important omission, to be sure) the Greek and the Spanish. The quotations are in each department grouped by topics, but a very admirable index masses them all under the single alphabetical arrangement, and thus makes it possible to find any of them in a moment's time. The especial merits of the work are (1) its fulness, especially in the English; (2) the exact reference which is given to the original source of each quotation; and (3) the general accuracy of the whole. Valuable, also, is the special index giving the names of all authors quoted, with a reference under each name to the citations to which that name is attached. The book must supersede all others for English and American use, and we congratulate the publishers on its completion.

Such matter for criticism as we have found is, in the main, not serious. Foreign quotations are, as was to be expected, much less exhaustively represented than the English, occupying only some 130 pages as against 674 pages of English excerpts. This means, of course, that some very important things have been omitted, of which the Italian proverb about *Bocca chiusa*, and the famous Ovidian phrase *Vergilium vidi tantum* may be taken as typical instances. The omission of all proverbs from the Greek robs the collection of many of the most famous sayings to which the human intellect has given birth, and surely these might at least have been given in an English dress. Occasionally one of them sneaks in through a Latin equivalent, as when the Chilonian γνῶθι σεαυτόν is given, as from Juvenal xi. 27, in the form *nosce te ipsum*. But as a matter of fact, in this very passage Juvenal really gives the Greek words, nor can this Latin substitute be scanned; so that here we have both a secondary source assigned, and also an incorrect quotation —a thing that verges upon editorial dishonesty. More space for foreign quotations might easily have been gained by a liberal pruning of the English citations, many of which are far from being *familiar* quotations, or in fact from even deserving to be such. Some of those from Boyesen, Aldrich, Stedman, and other modern Americans are surely nothing more than padding, and that, too, in a book where padding is the last thing to be thought of. Another defect is to be found in the references to expurgated editions of the Latin classics. This might be defensible if there were any one standard expurgated edition; but no two editors agree in their omissions; so that Mr. Hoyt has made these citations of his a source of needless exasperation to students who wish to refer quickly and easily to the context of a saying. We regret, also, to see Publilius Syrus still figuring as "Publius," a most unscholarly blunder. There is a lack of uni-

* The Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations. By J. K. Hoyt. Revised edition. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Buckram, $6.00; sheep, $8.00; half morocco, $10.00; full morocco, $12.00.

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formity in the indications of the ultimate sources of some famous quotations in English. Thus, Longfellow's famous couplet, "The mills of God grind slowly," etc., is correctly referred to Friedrich von Logau; but Bayard Taylor's "Labour is Prayer" is not in like manner credited to its Latin original, nor is that original given among the Latin maxims. *Esse quam videri* is noted as the motto of the Earl of Winterton, and no credit whatever is given to Cicero. The index does not mention it at all. A further criticism of the index has to do with its arrangement by catchwords, a thing which is not always judiciously managed; inasmuch as the catchword selected is sometimes not the one which the searcher would find the most natural and obvious. We could go on with these minor criticisms indefinitely, yet to do so would really be an injustice to a book which, in spite of numerous small defects, is still, as we have already said, the very best work of its kind published in the English language.

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

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## THE SPOILS OF POYNTON.*

The spoils were a legacy of curios which the son might possess at his marriage. Poynton was the great house, in England, where they were religiously kept by his mother. So long as Poynton was not despoiled, the son's marriage was possible. The mother surreptitiously removed the curios. How, then, were these twain, wilful maiden and artless youth, to be united without breaking the father's or the maiden's will? Suffice it that for a time bric-à-brac, like Alcibiades's son, ruled the world. The book is no trifle; read it, and then prate of "real sorrows" if you will! Of all things prolific of woe—and it is amazing how many woes begin and end with things—bric à-brac is easily proved to be the worst. Mr. James deserves infinite credit for seeing life in its true relations.

Fleda, who is the hub of this story, from whom the other characters radiate like spokes, underwent a curious psychological development. At the start she was exemplary, and assumed that every tribute was paid to her insignificance. Her woman friend, however, was a mirror in whom she soon beheld her truer and less sophisticated self. The moment came when, enamoured of the reflection, she "pulled herself together," as young women do when they think the future is theirs, and went forth to conquer the world. Her insight became phenomenal. It bewildered her lover, obfuscated her lover's mother, and finally outwitted Mrs. Gereth, her mentor, under whose wide wing she had taken refuge. Her moods and tenses are carefully differentiated as the story progresses, and one sympathises with her acutely when she says:

> "I haven't a rag of pride. I used to have, but it's gone. I used to have a secret, but every one knows it now; and any one who looks at me can say, I think, what's the matter with me."

The trouble was that Mrs. Gereth was incessantly at her post, attaching a "tinkling bell" to every word, look, and action of her *protégé*.

Mrs. Gereth is a better rounded character, because simpler. There was nothing mystic or elusive about her. She was somewhat of a termagant, or, as she expressed it, she lacked reserve. She would have loved you for doing justice to her "deep morality," but have wished, herself, to tell of the quickness and quietness with which she operated. Sentences beginning "Why the devil," and "I'll be hanged," addressed to her intimate, indicate intensity rather than vulgarity; and those words hastily penned to her boy, "Go to see her, and try, for God's sake, to cultivate a glimmer of intelligence," leave the impression that she was a force as well as an influence. How far she went in making Fleda's way straight before her appears in the following:

> "Do you mean to say that, Mona or no Mona, he could see you that way, day after day, and not have the ordinary feelings of a man? . . . Do you mean to say that when, the other day, one had quite made you over to him, the great gawk, and he was, on this very spot, utterly alone with you? . . ."

It is wonderful how these two women—Mrs. Gereth and Fleda—got along together. They never quarrelled; they just diverged and became parallel again. In the end the elder was appalled at her

* The Spoils of Poynton. By Henry James. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

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dependence upon the other. And Fleda, like many another feminine soul, was inspired by the very clumsiness and indecision of her lover. Indeed, "her desire to serve him was too passionate, the sense that he counted upon her too sweet" for ordinary comprehension. With such a person she felt that she could be "exceptionally human." That she is human with him, or at all, may be questioned. The crass stupidity of Owen and the utter conventionality of Mrs. Brigstock are a screen on which the eyes linger till, drab becoming the prevalent mental colour, Mrs. Gereth is declared a monstrosity and Fleda a screaming upstart! Nothing needs to be said for Mrs. Gereth; she would galvanise a toad. In accounting for Fleda, however, one must not ignore the velocity of her propulsion from Mrs. Gereth's catapult. Her environment gave her a fine twist. She is neither superhuman nor degenerate, but normally complex.

If need were, it might be added that the details of Mr. James's workmanship deserve close scrutiny. Each situation is a miniature, each sentence a piece of thread lace. With what delicate incisions he approximates to his meaning! As he said of Abbey, "Everything is so human, so humorous and so caught in the act, so buttoned and petticoated and gartered, that it might be round the corner; so it is, but the corner is the corner of another world." The analyst must ever be open to the accusation of other-worldliness. This, because he keeps both eyes on the object, and does not drop his tools now and then to tickle his readers between the ribs. He is usually too interested to think of anybody's self-love. The real question is, Can one be true to his constituency when merely true to his subject?

*Mervin Erie.*

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## ENGLISH ESSAYS.*

There is a growing interest in the English essay. Always a source of delight since brought to perfection as an art form by Steele and Addison, it offers new pleasures viewed as the forerunner of the modern novel of character. From this point of view Sir Roger de Coverley, Beau Tibbs, Mrs. Battle seem as real persons as any character in modern fiction; and that it is the human element which confers immortality on the essay is proved anew by the recent collection made by Mr. J. H. Lobban. All the essays in this book are either life-like character sketches or vivid revelations of the essayist's own individuality.

Time is the great anthologist. The further such a collector as Mr. Lobban goes back the easier his labour becomes. In regard to the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, etc., the years have sifted the wheat from the chaff, and the world has selected all that it wishes to keep. Little remains for the bookmaker on collection bent but to tie in a nosegay the flowers which the lovers of literatures have chosen.

It is always interesting to view the mind of one busied among our treasures, and Mr. Lobban has kindly exhibited his opinions of the work in hand in a pleasant introduction. The field of his choice extends from Francis Bacon to Charles Lamb, and he divides the production of the essay into three periods, which for convenience one might name the periods of Steele and Addison, of Goldsmith and of Lamb, Hunt and Hazlitt. With the history of the essay the collector gives incidentally a chronicle of English literary journals from the *Daily Courant*, 1702, to the *Examiner* in 1820.

Literary genealogy is an interesting study. No art form springs perfect from a single brain; it results after repeated attempts by a succession of gifted minds. The chief glory of the eighteenth-century essay, which is as perfect an art form as the sonnet, is given to Steele and Addison. But of late those interested in the evolution of this charming literary flower have been searching antecedent literature, English and foreign, for influences that may have affected and guided the editors of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. One fancies he sees a suggestion in Plato, another detects a whiff of the perfume of the *Spectator* in Horace. Some peruse the pages of Castiglione and La Bruyère, others turn with more hope to Montaigne. Still others search at home and think to find in Dryden, Browne, or Temple the first note of the magic music. It is the opin-

* English Essays. With an introduction, by J. H. Lobban. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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ion of Mr. Lobban that Montaigne is the only foreign author who has influenced the English essay.

It is pleasant to see Mr. Lobban relieve Addison of some of his plumage and transfer it to Steele, where it rightfully belongs; and one rejoices to see Goldsmith emerge still further from Johnson's cumbrous shadow. It might be possible to question a little the collector's judgment in the assignment of space. In a collection of essays, as of their poetical kindred *vers de société*, the bookmakers find it difficult to free themselves from the glamour of great names. Since Coleridge and Tennyson are always lugged into anthologies of light verse, it is not to be expected that Johnson and Pope will not appear in a collection of essays. The reader would willingly spare two of the four essays by Johnson for the sake of two more by a lighter pen, such as Goldsmith's, nor would he complain if one of Pope's attempts had been omitted to include at least one of Mackenzie or Reynolds. But these are minor questions of individual taste, and all readers will welcome this collection by Mr. Lobban as a charming anthology of English essays.

*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

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# NOVEL NOTES.

THE DESCENDANT. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

With a little more composure and a little more completeness in the development of the theory, this would have come very near to being a great story. Certainly the subject—heredity—is one of the greatest engaging modern thought, and the unknown author has not come to his task without conviction of its weight, its breadth, and its fathomless depth. The stress of the work communicates itself in the opening sentences, which describe the descendant of sin and of weakness, "a child sitting alone upon the roadside" of life—a small, wild animal of the wood, come out from the underbrush to bask in the shifting sunshine. He is only an atom of humanity, but his battle with the hostile world has already begun. When he is old enough to understand the bar sinister with which he is branded, the lawless blood in his veins rises in hotter revolt.

"What have I done?" he cried passionately. "Is it my fault that the laws of nature do not wait upon marriage banns? . . . I hate these people! I hate everybody who comes near this place. . . . I hate their creeds and their consciences. I hate my father because he was a villain. I hate my mother because she was a fool."

After thus hurling himself against Fate's stone wall there are gentler moments of yearning for love, for kindness, for rest—infinitely sad. For he is his mother's as well as his father's son, and the spirit dwelling within him is a dual one—a spirit of peace and a spirit of strife, a spirit of knowledge and a spirit of ignorance, a spirit of submission and a spirit of revolt. The story is mainly an object lesson: there is little theorising, little analysis, the character and the life of the descendant preach the sermon. His entrance into the field of journalism, as the editor of *The Iconoclast* and the avowed assailant of established social order, is in the course of natural results. The institution of marriage, he contends editorially, has not been without a purpose to serve in the course of social evolution, but, like many a custom begun as an experiment, it has ended as a fetich. And man, unfortunately, is less ready to adapt practices to his needs than he is to adapt his needs to practices. "Custom, not conscience makes cowards of most of us." Holding these views, he meets for the first time a girl who attracts him, and with whom he finally falls in love with all the violence of his intense, ill-regulated nature. And the girl also "thinks herself emancipated, and is as strong in her conviction as most of us until Time has shown us our error." She too is the descendant of a race of bad men and condoning women, whose lives are none the cleaner because lived within the pale of human law. When fire touches tinder the result is a foregone conclusion; when a man and a woman intentionally loose their hold on life's anchor there can be nothing but shipwreck in sight. The relation between them is treated with unfailing delicacy, and its gradual lesson is portrayed with considerable art. It is later, in the description of the sudden ruin of the man's professional career, that the work falls off and becomes flurried, hurrying to an incomplete close. But not a page touches the commonplace, and it seems to be a real fellow-creature who confesses at last:

"Yes, I am beaten. I am a cur that the stones of mankind have beaten to death,"

and yet who gasps when dying:

"Give me half a chance and I'll be even with the world at last."

OLD DORSET. By Robert Cameron Rogers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

If Mr. Rogers's work were not noteworthy in any other respect, it would be remarkable for the unusual versatility revealed by his three books. His volume of verse, *The Wind in the Clearing and Other Poems*, with its moods drawn from the classics, its technical perfection, and its lyrical quality is strongly in contrast with his *Will o' the Wasp*, a breezy sea yarn

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of the War of 1812. And now comes this new work, which, in its quiet, rustic simplicity, is as unlike the poem and the novel as they are unlike each other. It is described in the sub-title as being the chronicles of a New York countryside, and the sketches are from studies of long ago. Some go back as far as the time when persons yet living could remember slavery in the North. The author has not been fortunate in his attempts to reproduce either the dialect or the feelings of the negro. It would be interesting to hear what Mr. Paul Dunbar might have to say upon this point, he having come to stand as the first representative of his race in the world of letters. It may indeed be complained that there is too much dialect, of which the public has tired. The other sketches, notably "The Denison Venue" and "Madam Callender," are admirable work, good enough to bring the volume into the foremost ranks of the many recent collections of short stories.

A VIRGINIA CAVALIER. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

The intimate feeling of this story of Washington's youth may be mainly attributed to the fact that Miss Seawell is herself a Virginian, born and bred within a stone's throw of Washington's home. Her realisation of his character may be too largely ideal; it seems scarcely possible that so faultless a specimen of humanity can ever have lived. Yet the presentation is so living and lovable, so unlike the icily null portraits painted by many impartial hands, that the reader accepts it with responsible unreserve as one listens to the praises of a beloved friend. It is in this way, as one speaks of a dear kinsman and near neighbour, that the author writes of Washington. The story opens with a visit by Lord Fairfax to Mrs. Washington at her house at Ferry Farm, and of his first meeting with Washington, over whom he was destined to exert a great and lasting influence.

"The full flood of the sun, now low in the heavens, poured through the western windows upon the figure of the boy standing in the doorway. The room was beginning to darken, and the ruddy firelight, too, fell glowingly upon him. The earl was instantly aroused, and could scarcely persuade himself that the boy before him was only fifteen; seventeen or even eighteen would have seemed nearer the mark, so tall and well developed was he. Like all creatures of the highest breeding, George looked handsomer the handsomer his dress; and although his costume was really simple enough, he had the splendid air that made him always appear to be in the highest fashion. . . . Never in all his life had the Earl of Fairfax seen so noble a boy. The sight of him smote the older man's heart; it flashed through him how easy it would be to exchange all his honours and titles for such a son. He arose and saluted him, as Madame Washington said in a tone that had pride in every accent:

"'My lord, this is my son, Mr. Washington.'

"George responded with one of those graceful inclinations which, years after, made the entrance of Colonel Washington at the Earl of Dunmore's levée at Williamsburg a lesson in grace and good breeding."

Invited to visit Lord Fairfax, George receives his first military instruction from an old soldier in the earl's employ, and when the house is attacked by Indians during the boy's visit he gets his first taste of fighting. With this as the starting-point of Washington's career, the narrative follows history through his appointment as midshipman, which he gave up at his mother's entreaty, through his experiences as surveyor, and on to his campaign against the Indians. The story ends with a spirited description of Braddock's defeat, and although it is thus the boy rather than the man whom the work reveals, the book is by no means juvenile either in spirit or manner, and must make even stronger appeal to grown people than to children.

THE CAREER OF CANDIDA. By George Paxton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

A calmly confident manner carries far in fiction, as in most other matters, and the firm conviction of originality which is the first impression of this story has its full effect. But a very slight examination of the work shows the author to be mistaken. Candida is an entirely normal girl, who does not think or say or do anything that has not been thought and said and done by many other girls. Even in the matter of her choice of a career there is nothing unusual. Now that woman has entered every field of industry, she is no novice in athletics, although the author evidently believes Candida to be the pioneer. Nor is there anything out of the common in the further development of her career. The girl of this strenuous type usually marries the facile man. This instance of natural selection is, indeed, the one touch of nature in the book. Otherwise it is strained, far-fetched, untrue alike to nature and to art. Its style is scarcely better than its thought, and the work as a whole is so crude that it is difficult to believe that it has come from the author of *A Study in Prejudices*, and other well-written and able books.

A WOMAN'S COURIER. Being a Tale of the Famous Forty Conspiracy of 1696. By William Joseph Yeoman. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

Mr. Yeoman's name is unfamiliar, but his writing is not that of a novice; and in this story of adventure we find a decided gift at narrative which sustains our interest to the end. The tale is what the variety stage would call a "continuous performance;" it is a perpetual series of events connected with the conspiracy of the Jacobites against King William. One feels in reading of the hairbreadth escapes of Sir John Talbot, in whose person the story is told, that Mr. Yeoman is strongly under the influence of the great master of historical romance, Alexandre Dumas. Suggestions of the immortal D'Artagnan arise now and again in the triumphs and victories of Mr. Yeoman's hero, and of course by such a comparison the modern author suffers. But the plot is well worked out, the characters are possible if not probable, and the situations are not too incredible to seem plausible while we are reading. It seems almost cruel to judge of an intense, eager story like this in cold blood; and the highest tribute one can pay a book of this kind is to read it with interest and pleasure, and to be able to forget one's own century of criticism in reading of an age of heroism and romance. *A Woman's Courier* certainly enables us to do this; and if this volume may be taken as a pledge of other stories from the same pen—stories with perhaps a little more perfect coherence—then Mr. Stanley Weyman must look to his laurels, for a rival is entering the field armed with the same weapons—the lance and shield of the days of chivalry.

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A WRITER OF FICTION. By Clive Holland. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.

It is no new tale that Mr. Holland has to tell —the story of an unsuccessful literary man who can scarcely earn enough money to provide food and shelter for his wife and children, and who reduces himself to a physical wreck by overwork, under-nourishment, and mental anxiety. After undergoing many times the disheartening experience of having manuscripts rejected —manuscripts which both he and his wife consider worthy of his best self—he retires into his closet and writes a book concerning which his wife is kept in ignorance. Just as it is completed he dies suddenly, and we are now made aware of the *raison d'être* of Mr. Holland's story. The heart-broken widow finds her husband's last novel in the publisher's hands. They are prepared to pay her a handsome price for it, and prophesy a huge financial success; but the novel is of the brutally frank end-of-the-century order—it "lays bare the sanctities of a woman's nature," and, rather than profit by money made by such unmoral means, the wife chooses poverty for herself and her children, and withdrawing the manuscript, burns it, thus leaving her husband's fair fame unsullied.

Mr. Holland is by no means without merit as a story-teller; there is much that is sincere, straightforward, and earnest in this little tale; but its whole tone is rather monotonous and dreary, and the pathos bores one more than it moves, for the characters are not flesh and blood; they have been made to order, not born. They seem to us pieces of literary mechanism which are introduced too obviously for the purpose of leading up to a climax of virtuous renunciation in the end. The story is unrelieved by any comedy touches, and a slight flavour of the tract in parts suggests that the author is lacking in a sense of humour, that salt of life which makes even misfortune almost palatable, and which puts men and things in their proper relation to the universe. In judging Mr. Holland by the standards of the highest art in fiction, and being fully conscious of certain literary qualities which he undeniably possesses, we cannot yet consider him quite a success in the title rôle of his new story.

MISS ARMSTRONG'S AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES. By John Davidson. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

John Davidson has been known hitherto mainly as a writer of verse, whose muse is urban rather than pas oral, whose inspiration is drawn from the pavement rather than from the soil.

Those who care nothing for stories without plots and poems without sweet sentiment will not value Mr. Davidson's contributions to literature; but those who have prized his strong, forceful verses cannot fail to welcome this volume of prose sketches, for they reveal the same qualities which impressed us in his songs and ballads. Mr. Davidson is modern of the moderns, but he differs from some of his compeers in being thoroughly virile and free from affectation. He goes to the heart of things, and then presents the result of his researches in quick, strong, impressionistic pictures. Many of the sketches in this little volume do not deserve to be called stories; they are without plot, without any sequence of events, but always some character or characters stand out in bold relief from the blurred background of living sights and sounds. In Mr. Davidson's literary pictures we are generally conscious of London Bridge or St. Paul's in the distance to typify the complex civilisation of cities. In two of the sketches, "Miss Armstrong's Circumstances" and "Alison Hepburn's Exploit," we find types of the modern immature woman stretching out impotent hands toward the attainment of a proper clutch on life, and a true understanding of herself in relation to humanity. Both end by finding—or missing—the solution of life's perplexities by marriage with very normal average sort of men. These two stories are admirably done, and the characters are drawn definitely and strongly with a few strokes. The other sketches vary somewhat in excellence; the closing one, "The Interregnum in Fairyland," seeming to us less felicitous because less characteristic of the author's best qualities. Facts rather than fancies are what we care to hear of from Mr. Davidson, and his intimate knowledge of all sorts and conditions of men and women, and his talent for showing us the realities of life, of selecting the vital and the universal from the unimportant and exceptional, make him always an interesting guide through the intricate walks of life trodden by average humanity.

THE CROWNING OF CANDACE. By Katharine Pearson Woods. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cts.

This little love-story is a delightful piece of realism. The characters are drawn with so firm and delicate a touch, and so natural are they that one feels at once not only acquainted, but interested. The didactic old rector, a little prosy, yet with a fine apprehension of the true meaning of art in its general sense; his son, the professor, and his daughter-in-law, the one devoted to Slavonic literature, the other equally devoted to her old gold and olive "Melodic" Parlour; Miss Laura Marks, the village dressmaker, who "owned freely to a good forty-five, but was older than we usually think we ought to be, nowadays, at that age;" Dr. Lansing, strong, rugged, "not so young as he had been," Candace's literary guide and mentor, and her lover; and "Sweet Candy" herself, a charming embodiment of cleverness and simplicity, all become old friends before the story is ended, and are parted from with regret. When the story in which Candace, with careful workmanship and utter forgetfulness of self, has chronicled the joys and sorrows—often tragedies—of the simple mining folk among whom she lives is accepted by a New York publisher, the whole community rejoices in her success. Was she not theirs? Had she not grown up among them?

Proud and astonished to discover that one who, as a child, had been trotted on their knee, had now "took to book writin'," they call at the rectory to gaze with awe at the new wonder, and to express congratulation, warning, and advice. Nor do they come empty-handed. *Godey's Lady's Books*, ancient in point of age, a bottle of blackberry brandy, which was good for "the stummick," and even "a settin' of aigs" are among the offerings.

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Some of the "advantages" which the success of her book bring Candace are a visit to her brother, free access to the gold and olive parlour, and the society of the emphatic Mrs. Otterburne and the other social lights of the University town. Interviewed, flattered, photographed, besieged by publishers, the young authoress returns home very much impressed with the importance of one Candace Dering, and begins writing another book. Against the counsel of Dr. Lansing, who is still her truest friend, though she has become estranged from him, this new story is written in six weeks, finds a ready publisher, and is soon after given to the public. Then Candace learns a lesson, hard but salutary. The book proves a failure, as under the circumstances it was bound to be; adverse criticisms and cold indifference take the place of glowing praise and fulsome adulation. But after a time of disappointment and sorrow the honest simplicity of her character, wherein lies her strength and charm, reasserts itself, and Candace is "crowned."

A comparison has been drawn between this story of Miss Woods and the work of Miss Yonge, but to our mind it is in style more crisp, and displaying a delicious humour not usual with the well-known English writer.

The *motif* of *The Crowning of Candace* is one which should be considered by those who are anxious to rush into print It is epitomised in Dr. Dering's remark to Richard Lansing, "A book! Why, sir, a book ought to be the final expression of one's inmost personality, the quintessence, seven times distilled, of one's sweetest and most sacred experiences."

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

A YOUNG SCHOLAR'S LETTERS. Edited by D. O. Kellogg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

This is a memoir of Byron Caldwell Smith, being letters written by him in the years 1868–72, while he was preparing himself in several European universities for a Greek professorship. They are the letters of a heaven-scaling, flute-playing youth of twenty, who thought nothing of reading through the entire Greek drama in a year, who could not hang up divine philosophy long enough to distinguish the eternal feminine from the human womanly, and died, after about three years of active life, regretting that he had not yet mastered the problems of political economy. The majority of these facts have been gleaned with some difficulty from the introductory matter furnished by Mr. Kellogg, whose rhetorical glow and apologetic tone have effectually blocked the reader's search for precise information, and whose comments trench, to an amusing degree, upon the humble province of the reviewer.

The conscience-stricken air of responsibility that marks these letters is of the nature of a shock to one who in recent years has whiled away his student days in the same haunts. "I have withstood every temptation," he wrote to his mother on the eve of his departure for home, "and grappled with every difficulty that I thought might conceal treasures for my life, that I might be worthy one day to return to your bosom as pure in body and soul as when I nestled there as at the fountain of my life." When his father, who was a journalist, asked him to contribute something to his paper, he replied that to "collect one's ideas for a newspaper article would derange one's temper for study to a sad degree." The folks at home liked his verses, which he forthwith made an end of with the remark, "How can I write poetry who never have occasion for a poetic emotion, save what comes second-hand through books!" His kingdom was a library. "The grand erudition of these laborious scholars," he averred, "has created for the earnest student a second world, one over and above that where we live. One learns to laugh at and pity the muddled notions of the mass of men from these clear intellectual heights." Pantheism was to him "a religion of absolute love which penetrates all being with the ichor of divine significance." It "fills one's life with heroic cheerfulness." A plaintive religious note is struck in the words "The more comfortless the world appears—the hollower, colder, emptier of gods—the more we must cling together."

Some of the literary opinions scattered through this volume are strikingly original. Of Goethe he said: "I never could see that he made me master of a profounder sensibility toward any object of human love, nor can I recall any passage in his works which seems splendid with new light" as so frequently occurs in Shakespeare. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* was, as he phrased it, a "piece of sublime, universal biography." He spoke of the "grand, sacred way of Swinburne."

Americans, he complained, had so much sense and so little imagination. They were devoid of a healthy sensuousness. This "great disharmony" in the national character must be cured before a great art could take root among us.

Rarely do his letters lapse into commonplace, as, for instance, when we read that "man is an organism." A youth of intense earnestness, to whom the future was a sealed mystery, he managed in his less serious moments to give us some interesting glimpses of his surroundings. At one time suffering from too much Berlin, he wrote, "All the spirit in a fellow threatens to go out under the gray, monotonous drizzle of city life." In a postscript he added: "My landlady in the next room is indulging in one of her Homeric, inextinguishable laughs."

WITH THE BAND. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

That the scattered regiments of our little army have not yet acclaimed their delight in Mr. Chambers's volume of barrack-room lyrics; that Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and even Fortress Monroe and West Point are still to be heard from; that no one, in short, is particularly sure on the *prima facie* evidence of his verses that Mr. Chambers has ever heard the "whoop-whur-

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roo!" of the "painted Sioux," or otherwise in any but a life-shirking manner learned in suffering what he now essays to teach in song, is going to react against the claims made for him by his friends. Few private citizens are as quick as the army to discern gold from tinsel. When they like a thing, they rise to their feet and shout their appreciation, differing in this respect from a first night New York audience, who are chary of their applause till they are told the play is good. It is true that a piece of writing has to be aggressively to the fore to please the Boys in Blue; and perhaps Mr. Chambers has sacrificed fibre and grasp to the bang-whang-whang of the drum and the tootle of the fife. Like Rosalind, being but a moonish youth, he is first fantastical and then apish. (Shallowness and inconstancy may come hereafter.) Abandoning the fresh vein he so happily hit upon in his stories, he here forces a comparison at every step with Mr. Kipling, who might feel flattered if the imitation were not so conscious and apparent. It is a pity that his verses cannot be viewed apart from the latter's graphic realism and craggy originality, which they resemble less than they do the nonsense jingles of Thackeray. They indicate, however, a healthy endeavour to pursue lines too infrequently cultivated in America. "The Gray Horse Troop" is stirring, and the Custer poem begins with a dash. "Eily Considine" is touched with tenderness and has a distinctly tragic undertone. "Mardi Grass" is neat and true—for a trifle. There is too much "Gawd" and other repetition in some of these poems, and the unversified "Shadows" with which the book is padded are out of value.

SCIENCE SKETCHES. By David Starr Jordan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

This new and enlarged collection of essays, some of which appeared originally in the *Popular Science Monthly*, evinces afresh the thoroughness, common-sense, minute observation, sly, unimaginative humour, and professional courtesy which are associated with the name of the well-known naturalist and educator. Some of the pages are pretty heavily loaded with Latin appellatives (as long as the Salmon family do not remonstrate, we will not dwell upon it), and occasionally one hears the voice of the professor. But in the main the book is readable, and it is calculated to arouse a purely scientific interest in subjects that, in the opinion of many, have latterly been handled, as for instance, by Sir John Lubbock, with an excessive regard to their interpretation in terms of human life and sentiment. One is relieved to learn that there are now only twenty-five distinct species of fresh-water catfishes, and that the dark specks on the skin of the tessellated darter are hereditary. The paper about "Agassiz at Penikese" is entertaining, and the fable of the *octroi* upon boots in the little French town of Issoire should be read by all who have not corked up and sealed their views concerning the tariff.

AUDIENCES. By Florence P. Holden. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

According to the sub-title of this book, the author has set out to give "a few suggestions to those who look and listen." The result is a rhetorical, didactic hodge-podge of the art-made-easy variety, in which architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, music, and even criticism are interlaced, within the limits of a couple of hundred pages, to point a moral. It would be exemplifying the seriousness we deplore in the writer to remark that she has underestimated the intelligence of her own audience. A quarter of a century ago, when some people were still debating whether a fine action was finer than a fine picture, it was inevitable that art and ethics should be enveloped in a flood of commonplace to their mutual confusion. But times have considerably changed since then, and there are now too many books that present the fine arts with technical precision as well as poetic appreciation for such a one as Miss Holden's to find the place which might once have been accorded to it. It is well printed and bound, and has several attractive pictures.

PURELY ORIGINAL VERSE. (Fifth volume.) By J. Gordon Coogler. Columbia, S. C.: Published by the Author. 50 cents.

We were going to write a rather lengthy review of this inimitable little volume; but the author has made such a thing practically impossible by reprinting in the Introduction a collection of the comment and commendations already bestowed upon his verse by the most eminent critics, from Bill Nye to the literary editor of *Munsey's*. These comments so perfectly anticipate all that we should ourselves have said as to make it needless for us to do more than subscribe to them as expressing our own sentiments exactly. Mr. Coogler is, in fact, the literary complement of Mrs. Mary A. Fry; for what she is in the epic, such is Mr. Coogler in the lyric and elegiac modes. Mrs. Fry blazes and thunders; Mr. Coogler melts and murmurs. When Mrs. Fry storms the Olympian heights, you feel like hiding in a cyclone-cellar; but when Mr. Coogler tenderly coogles, you want to take a trolley car to the nearest cemetery. We trust that this fifth volume of his verse may have many successors; and we are pretty sure that it will; for a little poem, which we cull from page 28, is fraught with golden promise for the future:

> "You may as well try to change the course
> Of yonder sun
> To North and South,
> As to try to subdue by criticism
> This heart of verse
> Or close this mouth."

Mr. Coogler's love of brevity and also his modesty are well shown in a two-line poem on page 24:

> "Alas for the South! Her books are few,—
> She never was given to literature."

Not pausing to comment on the fertility of resource which enables Mr. Coogler to force a rhyme by pronouncing the last word "literachew," we shall only make the very obvious remark that we cannot ourselves feel any sorrow over the South's alleged poverty in books. Surely it is not the mere number of books that gives distinction. A section that has in a single decade produced Mrs. Fry's immortal *Centennial Poem* and these five volumes of Mr. Coogler's can well afford to rest upon its literary laurels. In fact, we think that its legislators would be fully justified in suspending by legal enactment all further poetical production for at least a century.

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## BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons send us *With the Trade Winds*, a very prettily printed book, in which Mr. Ira Nelson Morris tells of his wanderings among the West India Islands and Venezuela. He visited Santa Cruz, St. Kitt's, Antigua, St. Lucia, Martinique, and a number of other islands, and gives his general impressions in a manner of which the brevity is perhaps the most commendable characteristic; for Mr. Nelson does not know how to discriminate between the things that happened to be interesting to himself personally and the things that are of general interest to others. In other words, he writes like an amateur scribbling letters to his own family, and not like a practised observer such as is Mr. Richard Harding Davis. He is just a little too fond, also, of lugging in the names of his noble acquaintances—mostly of Spanish and French nativity—and this gives a slightly snobbish colour to his narrative. In fact, he dedicates the book to "My friend and travelling companion, the Marquis of Montelo." But that is wholly a matter of taste. The illustrations from photographs are very good.——Marie Corelli has been doing another book. This one is called *Ziska, the Problem of a Wicked Soul*, and it is dedicated "To the Present Living Re-incarnation of Araxes." There are people in it, as usual, who flash dark, disdainful glances, exhibit frequently a pained flush on their handsome faces, utter fierce oaths, and (when of the feminine gender) enamel their shoulders! Incidentally she lays out the Cook's tourists *en bloc*, which is all very well, though we really think their vileness is not quite so blue-black as here depicted. But she is a great hand at slapping on colour, is Marie Corelli! (Stone and Kimball. $1.50.)——*Hygiene and Beauty*, of unknown authorship, is a very clearly written exposition of the things that one must do and also of the things which one must not do who wishes to attain a fair amount of beauty. It is really very convincing, and if we could we should take a month off and experiment, for we, too, should like to be beautiful. But alas! we haven't the time. (Harpers.)

*A Minion of the Moon*, by T. W. Speight, is a rattling story of a romantic highway robber, very well told and full of life. Some of the illustrations, while not especially commendable from an artistic point of view, are still rather good in their way and will excite in the mind that is fond of adventure, a strong desire to peruse the text. (New Amsterdam Book Company.)

*In the Land of Tolstoy* (Thomas Whittaker, $2.00) throws a great light on the practical side of Tolstoy's life and gives us a close acquaintance with the philanthropist rather than the student, the active worker among destitution, disease and death in the Russian villages rather than with the writer and propagandist, in which capacity the author of *Anna Karénina* and *War and Peace* is better known to us. Jonas Stadling, the author, was the companion of Tolstoy, with whom he bore the fatigues of travel, and went in and out of plague and famine-stricken huts; and his experiences recounted in this book have been gathered by observation and from eye-witnesses and reliable authorities. But the personal element is not lacking, for we have a chapter on "Tolstoy's Table Talk," and one on the author's "First Acquaintance with Count Tolstoy," besides much interesting memorabilia scattered through its pages. The book is one that appeals to the humanitarian, the philosopher, the sociologist, and the lover of travel. Picturesque in style, teeming with human interest, full of information gleaned at first hand, and glowing with imaginative colour and forcefulness of expression, *In the Land of Tolstoy* is one of the most invaluable human documents and indispensable records of research on the subject that have been published on the Russian social and religious problems. The work is beautifully and extensively illustrated; the illustrations deriving a higher value from the fact that they have been drawn by one of Sweden's foremost living artists from photographs taken by Herr Stadling during his sojourn in the country.

The increased interest taken in India has caused the publication lately of several volumes on different phases of life in that country, one of which, *Fifty Years' Reminiscences of India*, is a retrospect of travel, adventure, and sport, by Colonel Pollok, of the Madras Staff Corps, and is published by Mr. Edward Arnold. The love of hunting is strong in the Anglo-Saxon race, and a book of sport is always a welcome source of delight whether the reader be active in the field or merely an easy-chair hunter. "The jungle is the battlefield of play hours," wrote Thackeray, with India as a training ground for the future soldier in mind; "it leads straight to the Red Ribbon and the Victoria Cross." The author has had the good fortune to come in contact with several excellent sportsmen and travellers during his fifty years in India, and mingling with his own experiences are recollections of these brave men and of their adventures in various parts of the world. "It is better to do doughty deeds than to write about them," is an old Roman saying; but Colonel Pollok's bracing record of deeds of dering-do makes the writing of them of equal value and interest. (Price, $4.00.)

Some new volumes have been recently added to several popular series in the course of publication. *Robert the Bruce* is the new volume in the admirable Heroes of the Nations Series, being published by the Messrs. Putnam; the new edition of Balzac made by Dent and published here by the Macmillan Company is augmented by the translation of *A Woman of Thirty* ($1.50), and in the Illustrated Standard Novels Series, issued by the same firm, we have another volume of the works of Thomas Love Peacock, namely, *The Misfortunes of Elphin and Rhododaphne*, with an introduction by Professor Saintsbury and illustrations by F. H. Townsend. ($1.50.)——Two seasonable books for the popularising of the science of birds and trees have been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, *The Story of the Birds* (illustrated), by J. N. Baskett, in Appleton's Home Reading Books; and *Familiar Trees and Their Leaves*, described and illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews, the author of a very popular handbook on the familiar flowers of field and garden.

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# AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

Librarians and all interested in the progress of libraries and of education have been much excited by the clause in the Dingley Bill which, as it originally stood, withdrew from libraries the right of free entry for books and similar matter. Numerous protests from many sources were sent to Washington, and the managers of the bill in the House were shamed into modifying the original draft, so that this right is, in some measure at least, restored. Some ambiguities in the bill make it less satisfactory than the provisions which have prevailed for many years.

What the fate of these sections of the bill will be in the Senate remains to be seen. Libraries have enjoyed the right of free entry for books and similar material since the beginning of the century, with the exception of the years from 1846 to 1848, when a duty of ten per cent. on their importation was laid, although the next Congress refunded the money thus collected, and during the period from 1864 to 1872, immediately after the war. Curious bits of barbarism crop out here and there at the end of the nineteenth century. The provisions of the Wilson Bill concerning the importation of books in languages other than English were entirely reasonable and sensible. It seems that under the present administration American scholars and investigators must pay twenty-five per cent. duty on the scientific works which they import to enable them to study in this country rather than to go abroad.

The essence of the protective system is the development and nurture of American industries and American institutions, to the end that the American producer in all fields should not suffer over against the foreign producer on account of the higher rates of wages and standard of living prevailing in this country. The development of American universities, and particularly of American libraries, is a very important step toward the attainment of this ideal, though possibly through different methods. A generation ago the historian, the scientist, or the investigator in any field requiring books was obliged to take his money and go to Europe and live abroad until he had gathered his material or finished his work. To-day, this is largely unnecessary, and in the near future the libraries of this country will furnish facilities unexcelled abroad. Students and scholars will remain at home, and the amount of money thus annually saved the country will amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Massachusetts Library Club held its spring meeting at the Boston Public Library on April 22d, when the subject of the illustration of books was discussed in the forenoon, and the afternoon was devoted to a visit to the Riverside Press to examine the process of illustration.

The month of April usually sees the wanderings of the various library school classes. The Albany School sent a large contingent to New York, which spread itself over the city thoroughly and saw more libraries than most, and perhaps than any, librarian of the city of New York has ever seen. The Pratt Institute Library Class is equally active, and leaves nothing unvisited. As these visits are a regular feature of the instruction in the library schools, they may be supposed to prove profitable. At any rate, they appear to be a source of pleasure to the visitors and to the libraries visited.

The Society Library in New York City is becoming uneasy at its old site in University Place, and desires to follow its readers uptown. This ancient institution was organized in 1754, and the librarian, Mr. Bigelow, says, "if any person believes that this home for books is not up to date there is no just cause for such belief."

The John Crerar Library in Chicago opened its temporary quarters in the Marshall, Field and Company Building, 87 Wabash Avenue, on April 1st. It is to be open henceforth daily from nine A.M. until six P.M. Its founder died on October 19th, 1889, and the administration of the estate was concluded in 1894, when the Library was incorporated. Its total endowment is something over $2,500,000, and it has the nucleus of a building fund, apart from the income, exceeding $100,000. It is being organized and developed in co-operation with the Chicago Public Library and the Newberry Library, the three libraries dividing between them, on broad lines, the world of books. The special field of the John Crerar Library will be the social sciences and the pure and applied sciences. It is proposed to make the library rich in scientific periodicals. This library starts out with about 20,000 volumes and a present and prospective periodical list of about 1200 numbers.

A new-comer in the field of library journalism is *Le Bibliographe Moderne, Courrier International des Archives et des Bibliothèques, publiée sous la direction de M. Henri Stein.* The publisher in his prospectus sheds a kindly tear on some of his predecessors that have perished, and says that he will devote his periodical to bibliographies and to news of libraries and museums.

The Los Angeles (Cal.) Public Library, in its annual report, gives its number of volumes at 41,600, with additions during the past year of 4415, and states that its circulation is 556,312, while that of the previous year was 541,457. This growth in circulation was secured by the expenditure on the part of the city of $21,600. The library management seem to derive comfort in comparing its circulation and expense with the circulation of the Boston Public Library of 850,000 volumes at an expense of $175,000, that of the Cleveland Public Library with a circulation of 595,000 volumes at an expense of $60,000, and that of St. Louis with a circulation of 331,000 volumes at an expense of $60,000. It is to be hoped the statistics of the Los Angeles authorities are correct.

Work has been begun on the $25,000 library building presented to Franklin and Marshall College in January by General J. Watts de Peyster of Tivoli, N. Y. This library is to receive $10,000 from the will of the late Peter Kerlin of Franklin County, Penn.

The Biblioteca Nationale Centrale of Flor-

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ence reports the use in the building, during the year 1896, of 80,063 volumes, loans out of the building of 5976 volumes and additions of 7631 volumes, and 23,698 pamphlets; 18,271 cards were added to its catalogue.

The New Jersey Library Association and the Pennsylvania Library Club had their first joint meeting at Atlantic City on Monday and Tuesday, April 5th and 6th. A large number of members and friends were present, and there were papers and discussions which it is to be hoped were as permanently profitable as the whole outing was pleasant.

The Scranton Public Library, although young, is active, and it loaned during the year 1896, 159,174 volumes, an increase from the previous year. The library contains 25,294 volumes, of which 3157 were added in 1896.

The Columbia University Library has received from Mr. Charles H. Senff a magnificent collection of beautifully illustrated works on architecture, art, and especially on natural history. These volumes have a pecuniary value of many thousand dollars, and are a welcome supplement to the immense collections in the Avery Library. Among the volumes received is a copy of Granger's *Biographical History of England*, extra illustrated, with thousands of portraits, many of great rarity, and enlarged to nineteen volumes.

The last number of *The Library* issued in London contains a notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Guille of Guernsey, who founded there with a Mr. Allès the Guille-Allès Library. Mr. Guille made his money in New York City, and, going back to his native place, founded this library and some allied institutions, which together contain about 70,000 volumes.

The Royal Library in Copenhagen reports for the year 1896 an increase of 8604 volumes, including 1659 pamphlets; 39,558 volumes were used during the year, of which 12,282 were loaned out.

If the statistics of foreign libraries which from time to time appear in THE BOOKMAN be carefully considered and compared with available statistics of similar university and scholarly libraries in this country, it will be evident that the use as well as the development of libraries here is assuming much larger proportions than prevails abroad.

The Library of Political Science and Economics belonging to the late Professor Geffcken has been presented to the University Library at Strassburg.

It is perhaps not too late to record for THE BOOKMAN the good fortune of the Providence Public Library Association in the gift, from Mr. John Nicholas Brown, of the sum of $200,000 for the erection of a library building. The only condition is that the trustees raise $100,000 in addition.

The Librarian of the University Library at Leyden, Dr. W. N Du Rieu, recently died. He was well known for his bibliographical and palæographical works, and recently endeavoured to organize an international scheme for the reproduction by autotype process of valuable manuscripts.

The New York Public Library *Bulletin* is issuing in sections and by topics, lists of the periodicals contained in the united libraries and the Library of Columbia University. The sections of philology and mathematics have already appeared and are to be followed by astronomy and physics

Mr. Cutter's second annual report as Librarian of the Forbes Library at Northampton shows additions during the year of 13,174 volumes bought at an average cost of $1.16 per volume. Many important art works are included in the year's purchases, together with many other important sets and long series. The Library now contains about 44,000 volumes.

Mr. Charles K. Bolton, Librarian of the Brookline Public Library, has just published a *History of Brookline*. It may also be noted that Mr. Reuben A. Guild, Librarian Emeritus of Brown University, has just issued the *History of Brown University*, on which he has been working for so many years.

The Boston Public Library has nearly completed its list of periodicals currently received in the libraries of Boston and vicinity.

It is proposed to create at Harvard a Memorial Collection of English Literature, in memory of the late Professor Francis Child. A foundation of $12,000 is being raised for this purpose.

The Library of the University of Texas has received as a gift from Mr. Swante Palm his valuable private library, said to amount to 25,000 volumes. Mr. Palm is a Swede by birth who has resided long in Texas.

The Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore, whose founder died recently, reports additions for the past year of 12,840 volumes, making its total 176,329. Its loans were 653,731 volumes, and its expenses during the year were $74,227.36, of which over $20,000 were used in the establishment of a new branch.

*George H. Baker.*

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# THE BOOK MART.

## FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

### EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1897.

Trade on the whole during the past month has been quiet, particularly with the dealers. Library business has held its own somewhat better, the demands being mostly for the current fiction, although works of reference and books on popular subjects of interest are in demand.

The month's publications have been quite numerous, and have included a number of novels already selling well, and several works likely to become prominent in other classes of literature. Undoubtedly the most notable book of the month has been *Farthest North*, by Dr.

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Fridtjof Nansen. This was well received by both the trade and the public, and is especially acceptable to the libraries. *Trooper Peter Halket*, by Olive Schreiner, is a smaller book, dealing with a subject of the day, which is also very successful. In addition to the month's publications of a miscellaneous character and general interest may be mentioned *Memories of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Rose H Lathrop; *The Mycenæan Age*, by C. Tsountas and J. I. Manatt, and *Through Unknown African Countries*, by A. Donaldson Smith.

In the department of fiction, *Ziska*, by Marie Corelli, is starting off well, while one of the best selling books of the month has been *The Forge in the Forest*, by Charles G. D. Roberts.

The continued large sale of *Quo Vadis* is remarkable, this at present being undoubtedly the book most called for. *On the Face of the Waters* is also much sought after, while *Sentimental Tommy* seems to be selling better now than it did months ago.

In the sales of seasonable books at this time of the year may be included Easter literature; several new titles appropriate to the occasion have been issued, notable among them being *Easter Bells*, by Margaret Sangster. Out-of-door subjects are receiving attention, among the recent publications being *Upon the Tree Tops*, by Olive Thorn Miller, and *The Plant World*, by Frank Vincent, while *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, by Mrs. Dana, and *With the Wild Flowers*, by E. M. Hardinge, are selling readily.

The popularity of paper-bound books is a thing of the past, as illustrated by the remark overheard at a news-stand, that "everything of importance is now published in cloth binding." The publications in paper novels have been limited this month, *The Yellow Kid*, by E. W. Townsend, being the most successful.

*Tess of the D'Urbervilles* has, like some other popular novels, improved in sale upon dramatisation. *The Upper Room*, by Ian Maclaren, is having a renewed sale, comparing favourably with his titles in fiction. European guide books are in good demand, the new *Satchel Guide* for 1897 being among the month's publications.

*How to Live Longer* and *Why We Do not Live Longer*, by J. R. Hay, and *Beauty and Hygiene* are two small books likely to renew interest in the subject of health.

Books of travel have been published to a considerable extent recently, so that just at present this is one of the most popular features in the trade. In addition to the titles mentioned above, *Forty-one Years in India*, by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts; *Siam on the Meinam*, by Maxwell Sommerville, and *The Land of the Monuments*, by Joseph Pollard, are having a good sale.

The prominence of fiction has been a little less pronounced than usual, and in the following list of the month's best-selling books will be found a few titles outside of fiction:

Quo Vadis. By Henry L. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. $1.50.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.50.
The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Ziska. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
The Yellow Kid. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cents.
Trooper Peter Halket. By Olive Schreiner. $1.25.
The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.
Under the Red Robe. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.
Farthest North. By F. Nansen. 2 vols. $10.00.
The Upper Room. By Ian Maclaren. 50 cents.
Forty-one Years in India. By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. 2 vols. $12.00.
The Forge in the Forest. By C. G. D. Roberts. $1.50.

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## WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1897.

March opened with business fairly brisk, and continued so during most of the month. Several temporary checks were encountered from time to time, which prevented the total amount of trade from exceeding the average of previous years; but despite these drawbacks, the month's business was as a whole quite encouraging. Nearly everything in the way of current books moved fast, and the popular favourites sold especially well.

*Farthest North* has monopolised most of the attention, and everything else was practically dwarfed by comparison. The success of this book is one of the most remarkable to be found in trade annals; it is not often that an expensive book of travel is to be seen outselling the popular novels.

Apart from the Nansen book the month was rich in new publications, of which the following novels were the most successful: *The Pomp of the Lavelettes*, by Gilbert Parker; *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, by Olive Schreiner; *Ziska*, by Marie Corelli; *The Spirit of an Illinois Town*, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and *The Sign of the Spider*, by Bertram Mitford. In other classes, *The Middle Period*, in the American History Series; *Memories of Hawthorne*, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and *Upon the Tree Tops*, by Olive Thorn Miller, were very popular.

Reports of trade from the Western coast conflict somewhat, but the majority of them are very hopeful. The general opinion seems to be that business in that section of the country is now, after a long period of inactivity, improving.

Eastern travelling booksellers made their annual trip to Chicago last month, and spoke well of the business done during the visit. The trade evidenced a good deal of interest in the samples shown of forthcoming publications, and some good orders were booked.

The number of first-class works, considered commercially, announced for early publication is surprisingly large, and the spring of 1897 bids fair to be remarkable for the richness of its literary output. The demand for new books, which is largely stimulated by the copious and extensive reviews and literary notices in the daily press and the monthly magazines, is increasing all the time, and a meritorious book is hailed gladly.

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*Quo Vadis* is still growing in popularity, and each successive month shows an increase in its sales. The book is easily the first favourite among works of fiction at the present time.

An analysis of March sales shows that *On the Face of the Waters* and *Phroso* sold largely, while J. M. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy* and *Sentimental Tommy* were again in the front rank. *On the Red Staircase* is having a remarkable run, and orders for this book from the trade are increasing in size. The *Hon. Peter Stirling* still sells well, as does also *The Seats of the Mighty*.

The extraordinary vogue of *Quo Vadis* has given quite an impetus to the sale of Sienkiewicz's other works, and especially to his famous *With Fire and Sword*.

The new Cambridge edition of Lowell's *Poetical Works* is being well received. The series is a popular one because of its being so well adapted to ordinary use. We would like to see it embrace all of our standard American poets.

The following books sold best last month :

Farthest North. By Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. 2 vols. $10.00.
Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $2.00.
On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. $1.50.
On the Red Staircase. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.
Phroso. By Anthony Hope. $1.75.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. $1.25.
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. $1 50.
Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. $1.50.
Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25.
The Seven Seas. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Trooper Peter Halket. By Olive Schreiner. $1.25.
Kate Carnegie. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25
King Noanett. By F. J. Stimson. $2.00.

## ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, February 22 to March 20, 1897.

In spite of the commencement of the Lenten Season, which formerly put a check upon lighter reading, there has this year been a fair trade doing in all branches. If this is any guide this Church season does not appear to be so generally observed as formerly. Trade in the foreign and colonial departments has continued steady, there being a fair demand for all classes of literature.

The 6s. novel is as popular as ever. Each week brings considerable additions to this class. The leading publication in this form is *On the Face of the Waters*, followed closely by *The Sign of the Cross*. Large numbers of *Ziska* also have been sold.

The much-regretted death of Professor Drummond has directed attention to his works, especially *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*.

As might be expected, with the experience of the Jubilee Year as a guide, the present year will see a larger number than ever of books giving an account of the Queen's life and reign. Mr. Holmes's *Queen Victoria* is, of course, the leading work, and a publishers' voucher for a copy of the Japanese paper edition is advertised for sale by auction. This is unique, as the book will not be ready for about a couple of months or so.

Less interest appears to be taken in South African affairs, to judge by the decreasing inquiries for literature bearing upon the subject. The Cretan question seems to have put the former in the shade.

Dr. Nansen's account of his Arctic journey has been required in such numbers that it has been, at times, impossible to meet the demand. Mr. Bain's *Reminiscences* of the famous traveller has also sold well. Books on out-door pursuits, especially on Gardening, are now to the front. It is a little early for Handbooks on Butterflies, Birds, and Wild Flowers, but they will no doubt be heard of in a few weeks.

There is little change to report in the magazine world. The old favourites still retain their hold on the public. The only notable feature is the ever-increasing output of Fashion periodicals.

Canon Gore's *Sermon on the Mount* is being sold very freely.

The issue of new books and new editions continues unabated. About 400 have appeared during the past month ; on one occasion thirty were issued in one day. There is no sign of abatement in this direction. Stocking a bookseller's shop has become a more difficult matter than ever, owing to the enormous selection of publications now available.

The list appended includes the most popular books of the moment.

Farthest North. By Dr. Nansen. 2 vols. 42s. net.
Dr. Nansen. By J. A. Bain. 6s.
On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.
Secrets of the Courts of Europe. By A. Upward. 6s.
Trooper Peter Halket. By O. Schreiner. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
Lads' Love. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.
Drummond's (Professor) Works.
Lovice. By Mrs. Hungerford. 6s.
Man of Straw. By E. Pugh. 6s.
The Well-Beloved. By T. Hardy. 6s.
The Babe, B.A. By E. F. Benson. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.
Sandar's Encyclopædia of Gardening. 2s. 6d.
Story of an African Crisis. By E. Garrett. 3s. 6d.
Manners for Men. By Mrs. Humphry. 1s.
Whitaker's Directory of Titled Persons. 2s. 6d.
Pioneers of Evolution. By E. Clodd. 5s. net.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.
A Pinchbeck Goddess. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming. 3s. 6d.
An Anxious Moment. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3s. 6d.
Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. By Goldwin Smith. 6s.
Hilda Strafford. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.
Forty-one Years in India. By Colonel Roberts. 2 vols. 36s.

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## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1, 1897, and April 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

### NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
4. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Tess of the D'Urbervilles. By Hardy. $1.50. (Harper.)

### NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Trooper Peter Halket. By Schreiner. $1.25. (Roberts Bros )

### ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Green Book. By Jokai. $1.50 (Harper.)
4. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
5. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Pinchbeck Goddess. By Fleming. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

### ATLANTA, GA.

1. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
2. Phroso. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Trooper Peter Halket. By Schreiner. $1.25. (Roberts Bros.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

### BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
6. That Affair Next Door. By Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)

### BOSTON, MASS.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
4. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. America and the Americans. From a French Point of View. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Falcon of Langéac. By Whiteley. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)

### BOSTON, MASS.

1. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
5. Transatlantic Châtelaine. By Prince. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)

### BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. That Affair Next Door. By Green. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
4. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. A Guest at the Ludlow. By Nye. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill.)

### CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Green Book. By Jokai. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Through Unknown African Countries. By Smith. $5.00. (Arnold.)
5. Telepathy. By Mason. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Trooper Peter Halket. By Schreiner. $1.25. (Roberts.)

### CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. On the Red Staircase. By Taylor. $1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
6. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)

### CINCINNATI, O.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. The Optimist. By Gross. $1.25. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
6. The Well Beloved. By Hardy. $1.50. (Harper.)

### CLEVELAND, O.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

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2. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
3. Real Issue. By White. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
6. Spoils of Poynton. By James. $1.25. (Houghton.)

DENVER, COL.

1. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Kate Carnegie. By Watson. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Jane. By Corelli. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)
5. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. A Guest at the Ludlow. By Nye. $1.25. (Bowen-Merrill.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. The Real Issue. By White. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
4. Quo Vadis By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. That First Affair. By Mitchell. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Sign of the Cross. By Barrett. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
6. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

NOTE.—One store here, that of Mr. C. C. Parker, has made a special window display of 21 different editions of *The Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyám, ranging in price from 20 cts. to $25, and has advertised the fact quite extensively in local papers, calling attention to the display. The result has been that within two months nearly 200 copies of the work have been sold, most of them, of course, being the cheaper editions—25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00. Still quite a number of the higher priced ones were sold, including several of the *variorum* and also of the editions with Vedder's illustrations.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. A Rebellious Heroine. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. *Farthest North. By Nansen. $2.00. (Macmillan.) $10.00. (Harper.)
2. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.25. (Briggs.)
3. Phroso. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. In the Tiger Jungle. By Chamberlain. $1.00. (Revell.)
6. Canada. By Bourinot. $1.50. (Putnam.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. More Abundant Life. By Brooks. $1.25. (Dutton.)
4. Green Book. By Jokai. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
6. Death and Afterwards. By Arnold. 60 cts. (New Amsterdam Book Co.)

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
3. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. The Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Farthest North. By Nansen. $10.00. (Harper.)
2. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. $1.50. (Lamson).

* Colonial Edition.

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PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
5. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. The Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
3. Beginners of a Nation. By Eggleston. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. That Affair Next Door. By Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Stokes.)
6. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Checkers. By Blossom. $1.25. (Stone.)
2. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
3. On Many Seas. By Williams. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Psychology of Number. By Dewey & McClellan. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Sign of the Cross. By Barrett. 1.50. (Lippincott.)
3. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. The Cat and the Cherub. By Fernald. $1.25. (Century.)
6. Dominant Note. By Clifford. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Phroso. By Hope. $1.75. (Holt.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Real Issue. By White. $1.25. (Way & Williams.)
5. The Green Book. By Jokai. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. America and Americans. $1.25. (Scribner.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Farthest North. By Nansen. Paper, $1.50; cloth, $2.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. By Smith. $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
3. Story of Canada. By Bourinot. $1.50. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
4. Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. $1.00. (The Copp-Clark Co.)
5. * Rodney Stone. By Doyle. Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Bell & Sons.)
6. Land of the Leal. By Lyall. $1.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. *Farthest North. By Nansen. $1.50 and $2.00 set. (Macmillan.) $10.00 set. (Harper.)
2. †Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. 60 cts. and $1.25. (Briggs.)
3. †Phroso. By Hope. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. *With Edged Tools. By Merriman. 70 cts. and $1.25. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
5. *For the White Rose of Arno. By Rhoscomyl. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
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